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CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
1. Macaulay and the Highlands of Scotland, . . .	<i>Blackwood's Magazine</i> , 771
2. Effect of Local Causes on National Character, . .	<i>Westminster Review</i> , 782
3. Luck of Ladysmede. Part 6,	<i>Blackwood's Magazine</i> , 796
4. The Snow Fields,	<i>Saturday Review</i> , 813
5. American Landscape-Painting,	<i>Literary Gazette</i> , 817
6. A Dangerous Experiment,	<i>Chambers's Journal</i> , 819
7. Roughing It,	<i>All the Year Round</i> , 821
* * Title Page and Index to Vol. 62.	

POETRY.—Magenta, 770. Over the Hills, 770. The Diver, 770. Duet at St. Cloud, 795. Under the Sea, 814. Once a Week, 815. Night and Morning, 816. God's Anvil, 816.

SHORT ARTICLES.—Affection of the Goldfinch, 781. Pottery from the Graves at Chiriqui, 795. Paul Morphy, the Chess Champion, 811. Anti-Opium Association, 818. Dr. Knapp's Mission in Africa, 818. Copyright, Old Arm-chair, 824. Albert Smith's China, 824.

NEW BOOK.

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MAGENTA.

UNDER the willows; in the trampled maize;
Midst upturn vines, and shatter'd mulberry
rows;

In rice-fields, corn-fields, dykes by dusty ways,
And cottage-crofts, where the gold gourd-
flower blows,— [days—

Swathes of Death's scythe, wielded for two long
The dead lie thick and still: foes all at peace
with foes.

So many nameless dead! no meed of glory
For all this blood, so freely pour'd, is theirs;
Yet each life here link'd many in its story
Of hopes and loves and hates, of joys and cares.
Of these unhonor'd sleepers, grim and gory,
Who knows, out of the world how much each
with him bears?

These were all sons or sires; husbands or
brothers;

Bread-winners, most of them, for homes afar.
This a sick father's stay; *that* a blind mother's;
For *him* in Paris, 'neath the evening star,
A loving heart its care in labor smothers,
Till taught by arms of price, how far they strike
—*how far!*

Cry! let the poor soul wrestle with the woe
Of that bereavement; who takes thought of her?
Through the illumined streets the triumphs go;
Under her window waving banners stir,
And shouting crowds to Notre Dame that flow.
Hide, mourner, hide the tears which might such
triumphs blur!

—*Once a Week.*

TOM TAYLOR.

OVER THE HILLS.

THE old hound wags his shaggy tail,
And I know what he would say:
It's over the hills we'll bound, old hound,
Over the hills, and away.

There's nought for us here save to count the clock,
And hang the head all day:

But over the hills we'll bound, old hound,
Over the hills and away.

Here among men we're like the deer
That yonder is our prey:

So, over the hills we'll bound, old hound,
Over the hills and away.

The hypocrite is master here,
But he's the cock of clay:

So, over the hills we'll bound, old hound,
Over the hills and away.

The women, they shall sigh and smile,
And madden whom they may:

It's over the hills we'll bound, old hound,
Over the hills and away.

Let silly lads in couples run
To pleasure, a wicked fay:

'Tis ours on the heather to bound, old hound,
Over the hills and away.

The torrent glints under the rowan red,
And shakes the bracken spray:

What joy on the heather to bound, old hound,
Over the hills and away.

The sun bursts broad, and the heathery bed
Is purple and orange and gray:

Away, and away, we'll bound, old hound,
Over the hills and away.

—*Once a Week.*

GEORGE MEREDITH.

THE DIVER.

UNDER the Sea they lie,
The deep, dark Sea;
No one comes there to pry,
No man save me.
I and the Fishes dim,
Swift, staring, strange,
In and about that swim,
Whilst the Dead change.

They that each sit and stand
In their own place,
(Clammy hand clasped in hand,
Wet face to face),
As when through Night and Snow
Struck the blind ship—
Still seems the cry to go
Past the white lip.

As I tread down the stair,
First do I see
(Round the turn, unaware)
One who knows me.
Stretched is his bloodless hand,
Fixed his glazed eye:
Though like a friend he stand,
Him know not I.

No need to ope the door;
Soon as I'm spied,
Dread creatures cross the floor,
'Thwart the roof glide;
I with my Helmet on—
That it must be

Which the foul creatures shun
'Neath the green Sea—

But o'er the Dead, that all
Seem to live still,
Fearless they climb and crawl,
Slow, at their will:
Dumb, with protruding eyes
Cast half behind,
Horn and Shell at the prize
Most to their mind.

Where twine dead Lovers' arms,
There the claw strays;
(Ill *her* corpse beauty charms
His filmy gaze!)

Where the dead Wife's caressed;
Where Mother's cheek
To that babe-mouth is pressed
Never to speak.

Once these looked shame on me,
Now I'm grown bold,
Under the deep dark Sea
Shines the red gold;
Though one kept watch by it,
I took his keys;
There did he stare and sit
While I took *these*.

O'er all that peopled ship
Lies my dim way,
What suits my mailed grip
None gives me "nay;"
No man of those that lie
'Neath the deep sea,
Whither none comes to pry,
No man save me.

—*Chambers's Journal.*

EMERITUS.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

LORD MACAULAY AND THE HIGHLANDS OF SCOTLAND.

THE genealogy of Peers is public property. Without going the length of saying, as has been said, that more English men and women read the *Peerage* than the Bible, it is still true that it is a volume of whose contents most persons have some knowledge. Lord Macaulay's pedigree is one of which no man need be ashamed, and of which many would be proud. His paternal grandfather was the Highland minister of a Highland parish, with a Highland wife and Highland children, one of whom, Zacharias by name, following the example of his forefathers, descended into the Lowlands to gather gear, not by lifting cows, but by peaceful trade. The young Zacharias found favor in the eyes of the daughter of a Bristol Quaker. Friend Mills supplied that serious and respectable but not very erudite or accomplished society with literature, the call for which amongst the Quakers was, not, however, so pressing as to prevent the grandsire of the future essayist of the *Edinburgh Review* from employing his talents in periodical composition, or from cultivating literary pursuits as the editor of a provincial paper.

Meantime the loves of the young Highlander and the fair Quakeress prospered, and from their union sprung Thomas Babington Macaulay, Baron Macaulay of Rothley, in the county of Leicester, the libeller of William Penn and the lampooner of the Highlands. With Highland and Quaker blood flowing in equal currents through his veins, it is difficult to say whether a Highlander or a Quaker is the more favorite object of his satire and butt for the shafts of his ridicule; whether George Fox or Coll of the Cows comes in for the larger share of his contempt; whether the enthusiast who took off what we are in the habit of considering as the most essential of all garments, to walk in the simplicity of nature through the streets of Litchfield, or the native of the Grampians, who never possessed such an article of dress at all, is the more ridiculous in his eyes; whether, in short, he despises most those who gave birth to his father or his mother. It is with the paternal ancestors of the historian that we have at present to do. He has given us what he himself admits, or rather we ought to say proclaims, to be "not an attractive picture"

of his progenitors. No quarrel is so bitter as a family quarrel; when a man takes to abusing his father or his mother, he does it with infinitely greater gusto than a mere stranger. Lord Macaulay's description of the Highlands is accordingly so vituperative, so spiteful, so grotesque—it displays such command of the language of hatred, and such astounding power of abuse, that, coming as it does from a writer who challenges a place by the side of Hume and Gibbon, it takes the breath away, and one feels almost as unable to answer it as one would be to reply to a torrent of blasphemy from a Bishop, or ribaldry from a Judge, or a volley of oaths from a young lady whose crinoline one had just piloted, with the utmost respect, tenderness, and difficulty, to her place at the dinner table. Lord Macaulay tells us that in the days of our great-grandfathers*—that is to say, when his own grandfather was just beginning to "wag his pow" in a Highland pulpit—if an Englishman "condescended to think of a Highlander at all," he thought of him only as a "filthy abject savage, a slave, a Papist, a cut-throat, and a thief;"† that the dress even of the Highland "gentleman" was "hideous, ridiculous, nay, grossly indecent;" that it was "begrimed with the accumulated filth of years;" that he dwelt in a "hovel which smelt worse than an English hog-stye;"‡ that he considered a "stab in the back, or a shot from behind a rock, the approved mode of taking satisfaction for an insult;" that a traveller who ventured into the "hideous wilderness" which he inhabited, would find "dens of robbers" instead of inns; that he would be in imminent danger of being murdered or starved; of "falling two thousand feet perpendicular" from a precipice; of being compelled to "run for his life" from the "boiling waves of a torrent" which suddenly "whirled away his baggage;"§ that he would find in the glens "corpses which marauders had just stripped and mangled;" that "his own eyes" would probably afford "the next meal to the eagles" which screamed over his head; that if he escaped these dangers, he would have to content himself with quarters in which

"The food, the clothing, nay, the very hair and skin of his hosts would have put his philosophy to the proof. His lodging would

* Vol. iii. p. 309.

† P. 307.

‡ P. 304.

§ Vol. iii. p. 301.

sometimes have been in a hut, of which every nook would have swarmed with vermin. He would have inhaled an atmosphere thick with peat smoke, and foul with a hundred noisome exhalations. At supper, grain fit only for horses would have been set before him, accompanied by a cake of blood drawn from living cows. Some of the company with whom he would have feasted, would have been covered with cutaneous eruptions, and others would have been smeared with tar like sheep. His couch would have been the bare earth, dry or wet, as the weather might be, and from that couch he would have risen half poisoned with stench, half blind with the reek of turf, and half mad with the itch.*

"This," says Lord Macaulay, "is not an attractive picture;" a sentiment we sincerely echo. If it is a true one, Lord Macaulay's grandfather must have had a stubborn generation to deal with, and we fear his preaching must have been of little avail. We are not Highlanders. We believe that justice is better administered by Queen Victoria than ever it was by the Lord of the Isles, or even by Fin Mac-Coul. We would rather ride after a fox than stalk the "muckle hart of Benmore" himself. The Monarch of the Glen may toss his royal head, and range over his mountain kingdom safe from our treason. We should feel it almost a crime to level a rifle at his deep shoulder, or to pierce his lordly throat with a skean-dhu. We have no wish to see his soft, lustrous eye grow dim, and his elastic limbs stiffen under our hands. We never wore a kilt, and never intend to array our limbs in so comfortless a garment. Notwithstanding all our love and veneration for the Wizard of the North, we cannot but think that old Allan's harp must have been apt to be out of tune in the climate of Loch Katrine, and that Helen herself must have found her Isle too damp to be comfortable during the greater part of the year. We would rather have seen the magician himself in the library at Abbotsford, than amongst the children of the mist. Our tastes, our habits, our affections, and our prejudices, are with the Lowlands. But we cannot allow this gross caricature, this shameful libel, this malignant slander, this parricidal onslaught by a son of the Highlands on the people and the land of his fathers, a race and a country which has furnished heroes whose deeds in every quarter of the globe have been, and at the very time we write are such that their

names awaken a thrill of admiration in every heart that is capable of generous feeling, to pass unnoticed. Lowlanders as we are, it moves our indignation. It is not history—to attempt to follow and answer it step by step would be to commit a folly only exceeded by the absurdity of the original libel. We prefer to introduce our readers to the authorities on which Lord Macaulay professes to have founded this gross caricature. They are few in number, consisting of Oliver Goldsmith, Richard Frank, who wrote a book called *Northern Memoirs*, Colonel Cleland, and Captain Burt. We have bestowed some pains upon an examination of them, and we proceed to lay the result before our readers, and to show how little foundation they afford for Lord Macaulay's malignant lampoon. We will take them in order. Lord Macaulay says, "Goldsmith was one of the very few Saxons who, more than a century ago, ventured to explore the Highlands. He was disgusted by the hideous wilderness, and declared that he greatly preferred the charming country round Leyden, the vast expanse of verdant meadows, and the villas with their statues and grottoes, trim flower-beds and rectilinear avenues."†

Those who are acquainted with Lord Macaulay's mode of dealing with authorities, will not be surprised to learn that the only passage in Goldsmith's correspondence directly relating to his journey to the Highlands is the following:—"I have been a month in the Highlands. I set out the first day on foot, but an ill-natured corn I have got on my toe has for the future prevented that cheap method of travelling; so the second day I hired a horse, of about the size of a ram, and he walked away (trot he could not) as pensive as his master. In three days we reached the Highlands. This letter would be too long if it contained the description I intend giving of that country, so shall make it the subject of my next."‡

Whether Goldsmith ever carried his intention into effect, or whether the promised description has been lost, is not known. "No trace of this communication," says Mr. Prior, "which we may believe, from his humor and skill in narration, to have been of an amusing character, has been found."‡

Lord Macaulay says that Goldsmith was

* Vol. iii. p. 302.

† Prior's *Goldsmith*, v. 148. ‡ Ibid. v. 145.

* Vol. iii. pp. 305, 306.

"disgusted with the hideous wilderness." The only thing he expresses any disgust at is the corn on his toe, and he says nothing about any hideous wilderness whatever.

Goldsmith, however, did write some letters during his residence at Edinburgh as a medical student, and also afterwards at Leyden, containing a few passing observations upon Scotland generally, which Lord Macaulay quotes as if they referred to the Highlands in particular. These letters Lord Macaulay either wholly misunderstands, or has grossly misrepresented. Probably no two men of genius ever were more dissimilar than Oliver Goldsmith and Lord Macaulay. The delicate humor and refined satire of the former appear to be wholly incomprehensible to the latter. Goldsmith handles his adversary as Isaac Walton did the frog he impaled on his hook "as though he loved him." His weapon is the smallest of small swords, which he wields with wonderful skill. The wound is fatal, but the weapon that inflicts it is so delicate that hardly any blood is shed. Lord Macaulay lays about him with an axe; he mauls and disfigures his foe; he splashes about in blood and brains; he is not content with slaying his enemy, he stamps upon his carcass, tears his limbs in pieces, seethes them in pitch, and gibbets them like his own Tom Boilman. It is hardly possible to avoid feeling some sympathy for the criminal, however execrable, to whom Lord Macaulay plays the part of executioner. Goldsmith is the gentlest and most playful of writers. To conceive Lord Macaulay either gentle or playful would be to conjure up an image which would be grotesque if it were not impossible. It is not, therefore, surprising that Lord Macaulay should wholly misinterpret the two letters from which he quotes a few lines, which, taken apart from the context and applied to a subject to which they do not refer, appear at first sight in some degree to justify his remarks. The first of these letters is addressed by Goldsmith to his friend Bryanton, at Ballymahon, and has been omitted (Mr. Prior tells us) from most of the Scottish editions of his works, "for no other reason, as it appears, than containing a few harmless jests upon Scotland."* In this playful letter he laughs alike at the Irish squires and the Scotch belles, who, he says, nevertheless, are "ten thousand times fairer and handsomer

than the Irish," an opinion which he expressly desires may be communicated to the sisters of his Irish friend, for whose bright eyes he "does not care a potato." He describes an Edinburgh ball, retails the observations of three "envious prudes" upon the beautiful Duchess of Hamilton, and desires especially to know if "John Binely has left off drinking drams, or Tom Allan got a new wig?" It is this playful badinage of the young medical student that Lord Macaulay gravely quotes as the judgment of the author of the *Traveler* and the *Deserted Village*."

The other letter is written about six months afterwards from Leyden, and addressed to his Uncle Contarine. It is in the same vein of playful humor. The principal object of his satire is, however, the Dutchmen; and Lord Macaulay might just as well have quoted the following description as a faithful portrait of Bentinck or of William himself, as the few lines he devotes to Scotland as a picture of that country. "The downright Hollander," says Goldsmith, "is one of the oddest figures in nature. Upon a head of lank hair he wears a half-cocked, narrow hat, laced with black ribbon; no coat, but seven waistcoats and nine pair of breeches, so that his hips reach almost up to his armpits. This well-clothed vegetable is now fit to see company or to make love. But what a pleasing creature is the object of his appetite! Why, she wears a large fur cap with a deal of Flanders lace, and for every pair of breeches he carries she puts on two petticoats!"

Eighteen petticoats!—a warm and substantial crinoline. We trust that the gauzy garments of the present day are applied to no such purpose as that which Goldsmith describes in the next paragraph: "You must know, sir, every woman carries in her hand a stove with coals in it, which, when she sits, she snugs under her petticoats; and at this chimney dozing Strephon lights his pipe." In this playful strain he goes on to compare the Dutch women with the Scotch women, and the country he had just left with the country in which he had just arrived. Scotland, he observes very truly, is hilly and rocky, while Holland "is all a continued plain." He compares the Scotchman to a "tulip planted in dung," and the Dutchman to an "ox in a magnificent temple." We confess we do not recognize the truth of either

* PRIOR'S *Goldsmith*, v. 139.

esimile; the wit is too evanescent for us. But about the Highlands there is not one word.

We need not, therefore, trouble ourselves further as to any weight which Lord Macaulay's strictures derive from the supposed authority of Oliver Goldsmith; whatever he knew or thought, he has told us nothing.

The next in the list of Lord Macaulay's authorities is less known. Richard Frank was born at Cambridge about the beginning of the seventeenth century. He resided at Nottingham, was strongly imbued with the peculiar religious tenets of the Independents, served as a trooper in the army of Cromwell, and about the year 1656 or 1657 visited Scotland. His description, therefore, applies to a period nearly a century before the days of our great-grandfathers. Lord Macaulay, referring to this book, says that "five or six years after the Revolution, an indefatigable angler published an account of Scotland; * that, though professing to have explored the whole kingdom, he had merely "caught a few glimpses of Highland scenery; † that he asserts that "few Englishmen had ever seen Inveraray. All beyond Inveraray was chaos; ‡ and Lord Macaulay adds in a note to a subsequent passage—"Much to the same effect are the very few words which Frank Philanthropus (1694) spares to the Highlanders: '*They live lairds, and die like loons*—hating to work, and no credit to borrow: they make depredations, and rob their neighbors.' §

This is all, we believe, for which he cites the *Northern Memoirs*. Lord Macaulay is inaccurate as to the name, wrong as to the date, and, as we shall see presently, in error both as to what the author saw of the Highlands, and what he says of them.

Lord Macaulay cites the book as if it were written under the pseudonym of "Philanthropus"—a designation which Richard Frank adds to his name, according to the fantastical fashion of his day, as he might have called himself "Piscator" or "Venator" or "Viator," after the manner of Isaac Walton. The book was written in 1658, thirty years before the Revolution, instead of six years after. ||

Instead of merely catching a few glimpses of Highland scenery, he visited every Highland county, and penetrated to the north of Sutherland and Caithness. Instead of saying

* *Prior's Goldsmith*, vol. iii. p. 303. † *Ibid.*

‡ *Ibid.* § Vol. iii. p. 310.

|| See Preface by Sir Walter Scott to the edition of Frank's book, 1821.

that "all beyond Inveraray was chaos," or giving the character of the Highlands which Lord Macaulay attributes to him, his words are as follows:—

"It may be so, for here we cannot stay to inhabit, nor any longer enjoy those solitary recreations; we must steer our course by the north pole, and relinquish those flourishing fields of Kintire and Inveraray, the pleasant bounds of Marquis Argyle, which very few Englishmen have made discovery of, to inform us of the glories of the Western Highlands, enriched with grain and the plenty of herbage. But how the Highlanders will vindicate Bow-bidder and Lochaber, with Reven in Badenoch, that I know not; for there they live like lairds and die like loons: hating to work and no credit to borrow, they make depredations, and so rob their neighbors." **

So that we see that the words Lord Macaulay quotes as applicable to the Highlands in general, are used by Frank in reference to the districts of Balquhider, for such we presume to be the place called by him Bow-bidder, Lochaber and a part of Badenoch, the lawlessness of which he contrasts with the rest of the Highlands; and instead of all beyond Inveraray being chaos, it is in these "pleasant bounds" that "the glories of the Western Highlands, enriched with grain and plenty of herbage," are to be found.

The opinion which Frank formed of Scotland he has not been niggardly in expressing. He sums it up thus:—

"For you are to consider, sir, that the whole tract of Scotland is but one single series of admirable delights, notwithstanding the prejudicate reports of some men that represent it otherwise. For if eyesight be argument convincing enough to confirm a truth, it enervates my pen to describe Scotland's curiosities, which properly ought to fall under a more elegant style to range them in order for a better discovery. For Scotland is not Europe's *umbra*, as fictitiously imagined by some extravagant wits. No; it's rather a legible fair draught of the beautiful creation dressed up with polished rocks, pleasant savannahs, flourishing dales, deep and torpid lakes, with shady firwoods immersed with rivers and gliding rivulets; where every fountain o'erflows a valley and every ford superabounds with fish; where also the swelling mountains are covered with sheep, and the marsh grounds strewed with cattle, whilst every field is filled with corn, and every swamp swarms with fowl. This, in my opinion, proclaims a plenty, and presents Scotland a king-

dom of prodigies and products too, to allure foreigners and entertain travellers."*

It is greatly to be regretted that Frank, who had the opportunity of affording so much information, should have been led by his intolerable pedantry into a style of writing fit only for Don Adriano de Armado. If he had been content to "deliver himself like a man of this world," his book would have formed a most valuable record of the condition of the country at a time when (though we by no means accept Lord Macaulay's assertion that less was known of the Grampians than of the Andes) we are certainly in want of accurate and impartial information. The book is scarce, and the reader may take the following description of Dumbarton as a fair sample of the intolerable style in which the whole of it is written. Arnoldus, it must be remembered, was Frank himself.

"THEOPH.—What lofty domineering towers are those that storm the air and stand on tip-toe (to my thinking) upon two stately elevated pondrus rocks, that shade the valley with their prodigious growth, even to amazement? Because they display such adequate and exact proportion, with such equality in their mountainous pyramides, as if nature had stretched them into parallel lines with most accurate poize, to amuze the most curious and critical observer; though with exquisite perspectives he double an observation, yet shall he never trace a disproportion in those uniform pier-monts.

"ARN.—These are those natural and not artificial pyramides that have stood, for aught I know, since the beginnings of time; nor are they sheltered under any disguise, for Nature herself dressed up this elaborate precipice, without art or engine, or any other manual, till arriving at this period of beauty and perfection. And because, having laws and limits of her own, destined by the prerogative-royal of Heaven, she heaped up these massy inaccessible pyramides, to invalidate art and all its admirers, since so equally to shape a mountain, and to form it into so great and such exact proportions.

"THEOPH.—Then it's no fancy, I perceive, when in the midst of those lofty and elevated towers a palace presents itself unto us, immured with rocks and a craggy front, that with a haughty brow contemns the invaders; and where, below, at those knotty descents, Neptune careers on brinish billows, armed with tritons in corslets of green, that threaten to invade this impregnable rock, and

shake the foundations, which if he do, he procures an earthquake.

"ARN.—This is the rock; and that which you see elevated in air, and inoculated to it, is an artificial fabrik, envelop't, as you now observe, in the very breast of this prodigious mountain; which briefly, yet well enough, your observation directs to, both as to the form, situation, and strength. Moreover, it's a garrison, and kept by the Albions, where formerly our friend Fœlecius dwelt, who of late upon preferment is transplanted into Ireland: however, Aquilla will bid us welcome; and if I mistake not, he advances to meet us: look wishly forward, and you'll see him trace those delightful fields from the ports of Dumbarton.

"AQUIL.—What vain delusions thus possess me! Nay, what idle dotages and fictitious dreams thus delude me, if these be ghosts which I fancy men.—O Heavens! it's our friend Arnoldus, and (if I mistake not) Theophilus with him. Welcome to Dumbarton!"*

After some further conversation in the same style, Arnoldus and Theophilus display their fishing-rods, and all three forthwith descend from their stilts, and talk like men of this world. "I'm for the fly," says Arnoldus. "Then I'm for ground-bait," replies Aquilla. "And I'm for any bait or any color, so that I be but doing," exclaims Theophilus; and then follows a discussion upon brandlings, gildtails, cankers, caterpillars, grubs, and locusts, with a barbarous suggestion to "strip off the legs of a grasshopper," worthy of that "quaint old cruel coxcomb," Isaac Walton, whom, in spite of all his cold-blooded abominations, we cannot help loving in our hearts. The three friends then part, Arnoldus for the head, or more properly the foot, of Loch Lomond, whilst Aquilla and Theophilus remain to try their luck and skill in the waters of Leven, and meet again to compare their sport and display their spoil. Frank was a dull man on every thing but fishing. When the rod and the fly are concerned he writes in earnest, his intolerable pedantry and affectation disappear, and his book, like all books containing a mixture of natural history, topography, sporting, and personal adventure, is delightful. His pedantry and dulness spoil every other subject; even the *Elitropia* of Boccaccio, and the story of Baillie Pringle's cow, and the *Doch-an-dorroch*, became stupid

* Frank's *Northern Memoirs*, preface, p. 10.

* Pp. 109, 110.

and tiresome in his hands; and he gives an account of the venerable Laird of Urquhart, who was the happy father of forty legitimate children, and who at the latter part of his life was in the habit of going to bed in his coffin, which was then hauled by pulleys close up to the ridge-tree of the house, in order that the old gentleman might be so much the nearer heaven should he receive a sudden summons, without any appreciation of the grotesque humor of the old man.

Here and there a peevish word escapes him at the want of the comforts he had been accustomed to on the banks of the Trent, and did not find in the wilds of Sutherland and Cromarty; but so far from encountering any of the perils which Lord Macaulay paints so vividly, he says, writing in a remote part of Sutherlandshire, "Let not our discourse discover us ungrateful, to the inhabitants, for it were madness more than good manners not to acknowledge civilities from a people that so civilly treated us."* This was in 1657.

Lord Macaulay's next witness is William Cleland. He vouches him to prove the important fact of the tar. "For the tar," says Lord Macaulay, "I am indebted to Cleland's poetry."† Cleland deserves to be remembered for better things than a poem which Lord Macaulay himself elsewhere describes as a "Hudibrastic satire of very little intrinsic value."‡ He was an accomplished man and a gallant soldier, but about as bad a witness as to anything concerning the Highlanders as can be conceived. During the whole of his short life he was engaged in a bitter hand-to-hand contest with them. It was a struggle for life or death, and only terminated when Cleland, at the age of twenty-seven, fell by a Highland bullet at the head of the Cameronians, during his gallant and successful defence of Dunkeld from the attack of the Highlanders in 1689. No one, therefore, would think of regarding Cleland as an impartial witness. But his poem, which Lord Macaulay quotes, will be found on examination to relate, not to the Highlands and their inhabitants in general, to whom Lord Macaulay applies it, but simply to that "Highland Host" which was sent by Lauderdale to ravage the west in 1678, when Cleland was a boy of seventeen. It does not profess even to give any description of the Highlanders in general. The book is extremely scarce; the

only copy we have seen—a small 12mo in the Grenville Collection—is marked as having cost three guineas. We therefore give the passage which Lord Macaulay refers to entire, in order that the reader may judge how far this description of the lawless rabble, let loose upon free quarter on the western counties, justifies Lord Macaulay's account of the company with whom a peaceful traveller would have "feasted" when journeying across Scotland. Even Cleland, it will be seen, draws by no means a contemptible picture of the officers of this host, his description of whose dress and accoutrements well befits the leaders of an irregular force.

"But to discribe them right surpasses
The art of nine Parnassus lasses,
Of Lucan, Virgil, or of Horas,
Of Ovid, Homer, or of Floras;
Yea, sure such sights might have inclined
A man to nauseate at mankind:
Some might have judged they were the crea-

tures
Called Selfies, whos costumes and features
Paracelsus does descry
In his Occult Philosophy;
Or Faunes, or Brownies, if ye will,
Or Satyres, come from Atlas hill,
Or that the three-tongued tyke was sleeping
Who hath the Stygian door a-keeping,
Their head, their neck, their legges, and
thighs,

Are influenced by the skies,
Without a clout to interrupt them.
They need not strip them when they whip
them,
Nor loose their doublet when they're hanged;
If they be missed, it's sure they're wrong'd.
This keeps their bodies from corruptions,
From fistuls, humors, and eruptions,

* * * * *
Their durks hang down between their legs,
Where they make many slopes and gegges,
By rubbing on their naked side.
And wambling from side to side.
But those who were their chief commanders,
And such who bore the pirnie standarts,
Who led the van and drove the rear,
Were right well mounted of their gear;
With Brogues, Treues, and pirnie plaides,
With gude blew Bonnets on their heads,
Which on the one side had a flippe
Adorned with a Tobacco-pipe.

With Durk and snapwork, and Snuff-mille,
A bag which they with onions fill,
And, as their strick observers say,
A tupe-horn filled with usquebay,
A slashed out coat beneath her plaides,
A targe of timber, nailes, and hides,
With a long two-handed sword.
As good's the country can afford,
Had they not need of bulk and bones
Who fight with all these arms at once?
It's marvellous how in such weather,
O'er hill and hop they came together,

* P. 211. † Vol. iii. p. 306. ‡ Vol. iii. p. 276.

How in such storms they came so far;
The reason is, they're smeared with tar,
Which doth defend them heel and neck,
Just as it does their sheep protect;
But least ye doubt that this be trew,
They're just the color of tarr'd wool,
Nought like religion they retain,
Of moral honestie they're clean;
In nothing they're accounted sharp,
Except in bagpipe and in harpe.
For a misobliging word
She'll durk her neighbor over the boord;
And then she'll flee like fire from flint,
She'll scarcely ward the second dint.
If any ask her of her thrift,
Foresooth her nain sell lives by thift." *

Cleland's picture of the "Highland Host" may pass well enough with Gilray's caricatures of Napoleon's army. As an illustration of what people said and thought, it is valuable; as a record of facts it is worthless. A far greater satirist, some years later, drew a French officer preparing his own dinner by spitting half a dozen frogs on his rapier, and a Clare-market butcher tossing a French position, with a large portmanteau on his back, bodily over his shoulder with one hand. Even Lord Macaulay could hardly cite Hogarth to prove the diet of the French army, or the proportion of muscular strength of the two nations respectively.

Lord Macaulay's total want of perception of humor, of the power of distinguishing a grotesque play of fancy from the solemn assertion of a fact, leads him into numerous errors.

We now come to Lord Macaulay's principal authority—"almost all the circumstances," he says (with a special exception of the tar in honor of Colonel Cleland), "are taken from Burt's Letters."† Here, then, we arrive at the fountain-head. Burt's Letters were first published in 1764. They were written twenty or thirty years earlier—that is to say, about the latter end of the reign of George I. Burt was a man of ability, and possessed considerable power of observation; but he was a Coxcomb and a Cockney. He was quartered at Inverness with some brother officers, one of whom attempted to "ride through a rainbow,"‡ and another became so terrified on a hill-side (where there was, be it observed, a horse-road) that in panic terror he clung to the heather on the mountain-side, and remained there till he was rescued by two of his own soldiers.§ Others of the party

attempted to ascend to the top of Ben Nevis, "but could not attain it."* They related on their return that this "wild expedition," unsuccessful as it was, "took them up a whole summer's day from five in the morning." They returned thankful that they had escaped the mists, in which, had they been caught, they "must have perished with cold, wet, and hunger."† Burt himself travelled on horse-back, with a sumpter-horse attending him: With this equipage he attempted to ride over a bog, and got bogged as he deserved; next he tried bog-trotting on foot, in heavy jack-boots with high heels,‡ with little better success. Old hock, claret, and French brandy were necessary to his comfort—he nauseated at the taste of whiskey and the smell of peat. He has left a minute account of his personal adventures during an expedition into the Highlands in October 172—. His route we have attempted in vain to trace. He met with bad weather, and was forced to take refuge in a "hut." Let us hear the description which this fine gentleman has left of his quarters under the most disadvantageous circumstances:—"My fare," he says, "was a couple of roasted hens (as they call them), very poor new killed, the skins much broken with plucking, black with smoke, and greased with bad butter.§ As I had no great appetite to that dish, I spoke for some hard eggs, made my supper of the yolks, and washed them down with a bottle of good small claret. My bed had clean sheets and blankets. . . . For want of any thing more proper for breakfast, I took up with a little brandy, water, sugar, and yolks of eggs beat up together, which I think they called 'old man's milk.'" We have many a time ourselves been thankful for far worse fare than this. A couple of fowls brandered, fresh eggs, butter not to be commended, good light claret, brandy-and-water hot, with clean sheets and a clear turf fire—not bad chance-quarters, when a snow-storm was howling down the glens, whirling madly round the mountains, and beating on the roof which sheltered the thankless Cockney. Better, at any rate, than he deserved. Burt saw nothing in the

"Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood,"

but ridges of "rugged irregular lines," those which "appear next to the ether being ren-

* Cleland's *Highland Host*, pp. 11, 13.

† Vol. iii. p. 306.

‡ Burt, vol. ii. p. 46.

§ P. 68.

* P. 11.

† P. 27.

‡ Vol. ii. p. 12.

§ Vol. ii. p. 41.

dered extremely harsh to the eye by appearing close to that diaphanous body." What he thinks "the most horrid, is to look at the hills from east to west, or *vice versa*;" and he sighs for "a poetical mountain, smooth and easy of ascent, clothed with a verdant flowery turf, where shepherds tend their flocks sitting under the shade of tall poplars."* Burt was a

"Sir Plume, of amber snuff-box justly vain,
And the nice manage of a clouded cane."

Richmond Hill was fairer in his eye than Ben Cruachan. He measures the terrors of a mountain-pass by saying that it was "twice as high as the cross of St. Paul's is from Ludgate Hill."† From the top of his hat to the sole of his shoe he was a Cockney, one of those men for whose eyes the foxglove hangs its banner out in vain, who trample the wild violet remorselessly under the soles of their varnished boots, who see nothing but gloomy purple in that heather whose bloom even the truth of eye and skill of hand of Creswick or Richardson fails to transfer in all its richness and all its tenderness to canvas or to paper, whose eyes are blind to the countless beauties of the brown winter wood, and whose ears are deaf to that melody in the sigh of the wind through the leafless trees, which never failed to awaken kindred poetry in the soul of Burns. We have no doubt that a London dining-room is more agreeable to all Lord Macaulay's senses than the wildest glen in which stag ever crouched among the bracken, and that Mr. Edwin Chadwick would rather lay his nose to the grating of a sewer than inhale the sweetest breeze that ever came love-laden with the kisses of the honeysuckle from the shores of Innisfallen. Yet even Burt, as we have seen, in no way supports Lord Macaulay's description. The risk of murder and robbery, so eloquently dilated upon by Lord Macaulay, is disposed of at once by Burt in the following passage:—

"Personal robberies are seldom heard of among them. For my own part I have several times, with a single servant, passed the mountain-way from hence to Edinburg with four or five hundred guineas in my portmanteau, without any apprehension of robbers by the way or danger in my lodgings at night; though in my sleep any one, with ease, might have thrust a sword from the outside through the wall of the hut and my body together. *I wish we could say as much of our own*

* Burt, Vol. ii. p. 18.

† Vol. ii. p. 45.

country, civilized as it is said to be, though we cannot be safe in going from London to Highgate."*

This is the witness Lord Macaulay produces to prove the imminent peril a traveller in the Highlands was in of being "stripped and mangled" by marauders, and his eyes given as a meal to the eagles!

Neither Burt nor Frank intimate that they were ever in the slightest personal danger of this kind. The precipices and torrents, on the dangers of which Lord Macaulay dilates, are precisely the same now that they were a hundred years ago; the risk of falling from the former depends on the quantity of whiskey the traveller may have imbibed, and is no greater than it is on the top of Sleive League or the pass of Striden Edge. The perils of the ford depend on the skill and care of those who traverse it. We ourselves were of a party, but two years ago, in the north of Ross, when two ladies, a pony, and a basket-carriage, were, to use Lord Macaulay's magniloquent expression, "suddenly whirled away by the boiling waves of a torrent." The pony swam as Highland ponies know how to swim. As for the precious freight, they, like Ophelia, "Fell in the weeping brook; their cloaths spread wide,

And mermaid-like, awhile did bear them up." Thus happily rescued from "muddy death," they shook down their long wet tresses, wrung out "their garments heavy with their drink," and joined heartily in the laughter which followed close upon the momentary alarm occasioned by the adventure. All depends, in these cases, upon laying hold of the right handle. A man whose head turns giddy at the top of a precipice, who fears to walk through a stream up to his middle, who cannot feed well and sleep sound on such fare and in such quarters as Captain Burt thought it a hardship to be compelled to take up with a hundred and fifty years ago, who detests whiskey and peak-smoke, had better keep out of the Highlands, where he would be as much out of place as Lord Macaulay attempting to ride across Leicestershire with Mr. Little Gilmore or Lord Forester.

The idea of making one's supper upon a cake composed of oats and cow's blood is not agreeable. But it must be remembered that this is mentioned by Burt† not as fare that had ever been set before himself or any other

* Vol. ii. p. 217.

† Vol. ii. p. 109.

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traveller, but as an expedient resorted to "by the lower order of Highlanders" in seasons of extraordinary scarcity; and after all, we may fairly ask ourselves whether our disgust is not more moved by the revolting description than by the actual diet itself. Did Lord Macaulay of Rothley, in the county of Leicester, never eat black-pudding or lambs tails? both of which, we can assure him, are esteemed delicacies in that part of the world. If he did, what would he think of seeing his repeat described in the following manner? "At dinner a pudding composed of grain fit only for horses, mixed with the blood and fat of a pig, and boiled in a bag formed of the intestines of the same unclean beast, was set before him. This was followed by a dish composed of joints cut with a knife from the bodies of living lambs, whose plaintive bleatings, as they wriggled their bleeding stumps within hearing and sight, did not disturb the appetite of the guest. Such was the diet which a Peer, a poet, and a historian did not think unpalatable in the middle of the nineteenth century."* One might go on *ad infinitum* with similar illustrations. Shrimps are esteemed universally, we believe, to be delicate viands, and are especially in favor with the visitors at Margate and Herne Bay, who call them "swimps." What would be the effect upon Mr. and Mrs. Tomkins, and all the Master and Miss Tomkineses, as they return home by the Gravesend boat, if they were told that they had feasted for a week upon obscene reptiles, fed upon the putrid flesh of dead dogs and drowned sailors, and packed in earthen vessels covered with rancid butter? Lord Macaulay, we presume, does not visit Rosherville, but probably he eats "swimps" somewhere; and we have no doubt that he spreads the trail of a woodcock upon a toast (first carefully extracting the sand-bag), and swallows it with a relish which we should be sorry to interfere with by describing how the fine flavor which delights his palate is produced. It is absurd to look too minutely into these matters, but a very little reflection will show that it is equally absurd

* This fact is alluded to in a beautiful ballad, some stanzas of which have been handed down to our own day, and which tells us that when

"Little Bo-peep had lost her sheep,
And didn't know where to find them;
She found them indeed,
But it made her heart bleed,
For they'd left their tails behind them."

to rely upon them as being necessarily indications of barbarism.

That there were and still are huts in the Highlands which swarm with vermin, and whose inhabitants are subject to cutaneous diseases, we are by no means disposed to deny. Unhappily the same thing may be said with truth of every county in England, nay, of every parish in London. Within a stone's throw of St. James' Palace, garrets may be found the inhabitants of which suffer from all the maladies in Lord Macaulay's loathsome catalogue, and more to boot. That outrages revolting to humanity have been, and as long as the passions and vices of human nature remain what they are, will again be perpetrated in the Highlands, as well as in every other place where man has set his foot, we freely admit. Few years have passed since, in the very heart of London, a wretched woman was brutally murdered in the course of her miserable and degraded profession, and the murderer, for aught we know, still walks the streets in safety. Not many months ago, one mangled corpse was dropped over the parapet of Waterloo Bridge, and another, stripped naked, was thrown into a ditch within five miles of Hyde Park Corner; in neither case has the murderer been brought to justice. If we were disposed to paint a picture of the state of London after the manner of Lord Macaulay, from these materials (facts, be it remembered, recorded not in a lampoon or a satire, but on the registers of the police and the reports of coroners' inquests), what a den of assassins, what a seething caldron of vice and profligacy, what an abode of crime, disease, misery, and despair, might we represent the metropolis of the British Empire to be!

Burt, as we have said, was a Cockney. His highest idea of sport was a little quiet hare-hunting. It was not until many years later that Somerville (to his memory be all honor paid) sketched a character now happily not uncommon. It was reserved for us in the present day to see the keenest sportsman, the best rider to hounds, the most enduring deer-stalker, and most skilful angler, at the same time an accomplished scholar, an eloquent writer, an orator, and a statesman.*

* That this is a true picture of a numerous class, will be admitted by all. To the minds of those who ever had the happiness to meet him, on the moor, in the field, in the House of Commons, or at his own fireside, or who are acquainted with

Amongst the wits of the reign of Queen Anne, the fox-hunting country squire was the constant subject of ridicule. Burt aped their mode of thought, and it will be seen that his picture of the English squire is fully as unpleasing as that of the Highland laird; it will be seen also how little foundation the latter hostile and prejudiced as it is, affords for Lord Macaulay's representation of him as a filthy treacherous savage, who held robbery to be a calling "not merely innocent but honorable," who revenged an insult by a "stab in the back," and who, whilst he was "taking his ease, fighting, hunting, or marauding," compelled his "aged mother, his pregnant wife, and his tender daughters" to till the soil and to reap the harvest.*

Burt thus compares the English fox-hunter and the Highland laird :—

"The first of these characters" (he says) "is, I own, too trite to be given you—but this by way of comparison. The squire is proud of his estate and affluence of fortune, loud and positive over his October, impatient of contradiction, or rather will give no opportunity for it, but whoops and halloos at every interval of his own talk, as if the company were to supply the absence of his hounds. The particular characters of the pack, the various occurrences in a chase, where Jowler is the eternal hero, make the constant topic of his discourse, though perhaps none others are interested in it. And his favorites, the trencher hounds, if they please, may lie undisturbed upon chairs and counterpanes of silk; and upon the least cry, though not hurt, his pity is excited more for them than if one of his children had broken a limb; and to that pity his anger succeeds, to the terror of the whole family.

"The laird is national, vain of the number of his followers and his absolute command over them. In case of contradiction he is loud and imperious, and even dangerous, being always attended by those who are bound to support his arbitrary sentiments.

"The great antiquity of his family, and the heroic actions of his ancestors, in their conquests upon the enemy clans, is the inexhaustible theme of his conversation; and, being accustomed to dominion, he imagines himself, in his usky, to be a sovereign prince, and, as I said before, fancies he may dispose of heads at his pleasure.

"Thus one of them places his vanity in his fortune, and his pleasure in his hounds. The his admirable *Essays on Agriculture*, the late Mr. Thomas Gisborne of Yoxal Lodge will at once occur as one of the most remarkable examples of that class.

† Vol. iii., p. 305.

other's pride is in his lineage, and his delight is in command, both arbitrary in their way; and this the excess of liquor discovers in both. So that what little difference there is between them, seems to arise from the accident of their birth; and if the exchange of countries had been made in their infancy, I make no doubt but each might have had the other's place, as they stand separately described in this letter. On the contrary, in like manner as we have many country gentlemen, merely such, of great humanity and agreeable (if not general) conversation; so in the Highlands I have met with some lairds who surprised me with their good sense and polite behavior, being so far removed from the more civilized part of the world, and considering the wildness of the country, which one would think was sufficient of itself to give a savage turn to a mind the most humane."

It may perhaps be said that Lord Macaulay makes amends to the Highlands for his groundless slanders by his equally groundless flattery. That the Highland gentleman has no right to complain of his stating that his clothes were "begrimed with the accumulated filth of years," and that he dwelt in a hovel that "smelt worse than an English hogsty," because he says in the next line that he did the honors of his hogsty with a "lofty courtesy worthy of the most splendid circle of Versailles." That "in the Highland councils men who would not have been qualified for the duty of parish clerks" (by which, if he means any thing, Lord Macaulay must mean that they were not "men of sweet voice and becoming gravity to raise the psalm," like the famous P. P. clerk of this parish), "argued questions of peace and war, of tribute and homage, with ability worthy of Halifax and Carmarthen," and that "minstrels who did not know their letters," produced poems in which the "tenderness of Otway" was mingled with "the vigor of Dryden." What the honors of a hogstye may be—whether Halifax or Carmarthen could "adventure to lead the psalm," or exercised themselves in "singing godly ballads," or what kind of verses were produced by minstrels who were unable to commit them to writing, and whose productions have consequently not come down to our day—we know not. But, to quote a homely proverb, two blacks do not make a white, and to call a man a thief, a murderer, and a filthy, abject, ignorant, illiterate savage, in one line, and to describe him as graceful, dignified, and full of noble sensibility and lofty courtesy,

* Burt, vol. iii. p. 247.

with the intellect of a statesman and the genius of a poet, in the next, gives one about as accurate a picture of his mind and manners as one would obtain of his features by two reflections taken the one vertically and the other horizontally in the bowl of a silver spoon.

Lord Macaulay's taste for, and, we are bound to add, his extensive knowledge of, the most worthless productions that have survived from the time of the Revolution to our own day, is amusing. It is a class of literature which would have made Grandpapa Mills' hair stand on end. It is enough to make the staid old Quaker turn in his grave to think of his graceless grandson flirting with Mrs. Manley and Afra Behn. From the latter lady he cites* a "coarse and prophane Scotch poem," describing, in terms which he is too modest to quote, "How the first Hielandman was made." Possibly it is the same modesty, and a feeling of reluctance to corrupt his readers, which has induced Lord Macaulay to cite a volume in which this poem is *not* to be found. In that volume, however, there happens to be a description of a Dutchman equally indecent, and, though Lord Macaulay may perhaps not admit it, equally worthy of belief. Portraits of Irishmen, just as authentic, abound in the farces which were popular a few years later; and even now the English gentleman on the French stage, with his mouth full of "Rosbif" and "Goddams," threatens to "sell his wife at Smitfield."

If Lord Macaulay's New Zealander should take to writing history after the fashion of his great progenitor, he may perhaps paint the Welsh in colors similar to and upon authorities as trustworthy as those Lord Macaulay has used and relied upon in his picture of the Scotch. If he does, his description will be something of the following kind:—

"In the days of Queen Victoria, the inhabi-

* Vol. iii. p. 309.

tant of the Principality was a savage and a thief. He subsisted by plunder. The plough was unknown. He snatched from his more industrious neighbor his flocks and his herds. When the flesh he thus obtained was exhausted, he gnawed the bones like a dog, until hunger compelled him again to visit the homesteads and larders of England. With all the vices, he had few or none of the virtues of the savage. He was ungrateful and inhospitable. That this was his character is proved by verses which still re-echo in the nurseries of Belgrave Square and along the marches of Wales:—

"Taffy was a Welshman,
Taffy was a thief;
Taffy came to my house,
Stole a piece of beef.
I went to Taffy's house,
Taffy was from home;
Taffy came to my house,
Stole a marrow-bone."

This is every bit as authentic as Lord Macaulay's description of the Highlanders. Such history may be supplied in any quantity and at the shortest notice. All that is necessary is a volume of cotemporary lampoons, a bundle of political songs, or a memory in which such things are stored, and which may save the trouble of reference. The genius it requires is a genius for being abusive. The banks of the Thames and the Cam furnish abundance of professors, male and female, of the art of vituperation, but as Lord Macaulay, from his frequent repetition of the same terms of abuse, seems to have exhausted his "derangement of epitaphs," we would recommend him to turn to Viner's Abridgment, title *Action for Words*, where he will find one hundred and thirty folio pages of scolding, from which he may select almost any phrase of abuse and vituperation, with the advantage of knowing also the nice distinctions by which the law has decided what words are and what are not actionable, which may be used with impunity against the living, and which must be reserved for the safe slander of the dead.

AFFECTION OF THE GOLDFINCH.—We could record many interesting anecdotes of the affection of the Goldfinch,—how often we have had him sitting on our finger, raised close to our cheek; his little sides pressed out to come into closer contact with us, and his bill affectionately saluting us as he took from our mouth his much-loved hemp-seed. Then his song the while,—how endearing,—how sweet,—how expressive! If he has read our heart, we have read his.

There has been but one feeling between us. The same with the Linnet. We could fill a large book with the prettiest and raciest anecdotes of both these confiding little creatures. They have indeed a language! We only wish we could impart to others the secret of understanding it. And yet, all that is wanting is—a loving heart. This, alas, is not "fashionable." *Kid's Shilling Treatise on the Goldfinch*, etc.

782 INFLUENCE OF LOCAL CAUSES ON NATIONAL CHARACTER.

From The Westminster Review.

THE INFLUENCE OF LOCAL CAUSES ON NATIONAL CHARACTER.

1. *The Physical Atlas.* By A. K. Johnston. Edinburgh and London: 1858.
2. *Principles of Human Physiology.* By W. B. Carpenter, M.D., F.R.S. London: 1845.
3. *Principles of Political Economy.* By J. S. Mill. London: 1848.
4. *History of Civilization in England.* By H. T. Buckle. London: 1858.

FEW truths equally comprehensive have been more universally admitted than that which asserts the influence of the climate, position, and general physical character of a country on the habits and manners of its inhabitants. There is such an obvious probability in the supposition—it is confirmed by so much of our most familiar experience, and appeals so strongly to a vague sense of fitness in things, that no one need wonder that it should have commended itself to the intelligence of the world at large. But it is a little remarkable that the belief should so far have outstripped the proof of it. It is only within the last few years that the manner in which external circumstances operate to form or modify the character of a people has been really understood, and there is much, very much, which still requires explanation. No English writer within our knowledge has devoted a substantive treatise to this most interesting inquiry; the information at present extant on the subject is chiefly to be gathered from books whose main object is independent of it, as, for example, Dr. Prichard's "Physical History of Mankind," and works of the class which stand at the head of this article. Much of this neglect is apparent only, and is owing to the comparatively late growth of political economy, physiology, and the kindred sciences; but to a certain extent it is real, and, so far, it is mainly due to the influence of Bacon, and to the attitude in which he stood towards investigations of this nature. That extraordinary man, who more than any other writer has guided the studies of England, is very guarded in his language when treating of the causes which affect the well-being of States. He mentions cosmographical history * as including "the description of countries, their situation and fruits," and the "accounts of cities, governments, and manners," but he does not point out the interde-

* "Advancement of Learning," book ii. chap. x.

pendence of these two classes of facts, he does not even hint that they are connected. He often and pointedly excludes politics; * he omits altogether from his Great Instauration the consideration of the arts of empire; † he says that, should he write on that subject, his work will probably be either posthumous or abortive. It is not too much to say that this reticence is due rather to the policy of the courtier than to the difficulties of the philosopher. The "prudent king" who raised Bacon "against the bent of his genius to the highest posts of honor, trust, and civil employ," would have been rather scandalized to have read in his Chancellor's works (if he did read them), any thing implying that the "felicity of his Majesty's times" depended on a matter so far beyond the control of kings as the general physical constitution of the country. The philosopher perfectly understood the "policy of preserving a prudent or sound moderation or medium in disclosing or concealing one's mind as to particular actions," and squared his practice by that principle. No similar motive to silence now exists, and therefore, without the smallest fear of offending her present Majesty, we will proceed to offer a few remarks on the relationship which exists between the physical aspect of a country and the moral and intellectual development of its inhabitants. By "physical aspect" and "local causes" is meant all those external conditions of a particular country which most immediately affect mankind—its climate, its geographical position, and its geological structure. These are, in their most general expression, the principal facts embraced under the terms, and something would be gained both in ease and clearness could we adhere to this threefold division. Unfortunately it is scarcely possible to do so, for the phenomena which form the subject of the inquiry combine with one another in a way which makes it rather difficult to keep them distinct, regard being had both to their own affinities and to the manner and degree of their action. So that, although it may be found useful to group the physical characteristics of a country under a general head, it must not be forgotten that this is merely a mark which indicates an infinity of other distinctions too numerous for individual mention; a convenience of thought rather than a nat-

* "Novum Organum," book i. c. 9, app. 77.

† "Advancement of Learning," book viii. c. iil.

ural classification, adopted partly for the sake of conciseness and partly because, as Bacon himself says, "the subtilty of nature is far beyond that of the sense or understanding."

There are two ways in which to treat such a subject as that now before us; we might consider it as a matter of fact to be proved,—Is national character influenced by local causes? or, assuming the fact, we might seek to explain it. Now, it is the latter question, and not the former, which will be considered here. But the assumption on which it is based must be a probable one; it must be, if not rigidly deducible from experience, at all events not inconsistent with it. We shall therefore attempt, in the first place, to show that history warrants the assumption of fact, and then that, on the supposition of its being true, certain results ought to follow which in effect do follow.

It would be interesting, had we the materials, to trace the steps by which the great nations of antiquity—the Assyrians, Egyptians, Persians, and Chinese—exchanged the barbarous simplicity of shepherd tribes for the highly organized political institutions which meet us at the commencement of authentic history. But in the absence of any direct record, we are led to observe a very remarkable similarity between the regions in which nearly all the early civilizations appear to have developed themselves.* These countries were, without an exception, plains or valleys traversed by navigable channels and irrigated by fertilizing streams.† In the valley of the Euphrates, in the valley of the Tigris, in the valley of the Nile, on the banks of the Indus, and in the plains of the Ganges and Yellow River, were laid the first foundations of those cities, the monuments of whose greatness have descended to our own days. But the resemblance does not end here; they

all lie on or about the Northern tropic, and their mean annual temperature does not differ 10°. Like every capital of modern Europe, they are situate on tertiary or alluvial soils. As a general consequence, they are one and all distinguished by an extraordinary fertility. These facts lead us to suspect that their early development was connected with the physical peculiarities of their respective districts, and the suspicion is strengthened by the negative evidence that nations which differed from them in the latter were also wanting in the former. For example, to the north of these anciently civilized States lies the elevated table-land of central Asia. This district presents a very decided contrast to the fertile plains of the Indo-Chinese peninsula in all the particulars in which they agree, and which we are now supposing to be the cause of their civilization. Whereas they are for the most part at very inconsiderable elevations, it is raised to a mean height of about ten thousand feet above the level of the sea. Owing to this cause, and also to its lying further north, it is of course much colder and very much less productive; indeed, not suited for agriculture at all. Its general character, says Humboldt,* is that of a vast surface, divided into basins by mountain chains of different directions and different areas. It contains no large river, and the rivers which do flow through it discharge themselves into land-locked basins instead of communicating with the sea. This wilderness has been for ages the home of wandering tribes, who so long as they were confined to their native plains, retained the rude civilization and primitive habits of the nomad life.† From time to time these nomad tribes have poured down upon the lower regions of Asia in search of new homes, and whenever they have done so their change of abode has been followed by a change of manners. We cannot expect any clear information as to the causes of these invasions. Sometimes the increase of the people beyond the means of sustenance (and it must be remembered that animal food is of all the least

* Quoted in Dr. Prichard's "Physical History of Mankind," vol. iv. p. 279.

† Their habits were not only primitive, but barbarous to a degree. A glaring example is given by Gibbon—"Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," vol. iv. p. 201. For several ages they appear to have had no written alphabet whatever; at last they borrowed one from India, but even then, among some of their tribes, the only substitute for letters consisted of notched sticks. Prichard, "Physical History," etc., vol. iv. p. 277.

* See Stanley's "Palestine," p. 119: "We do not sufficiently bear in mind that the East—that is the country between the Mediterranean and the table-lands of Persia, between the Sahara and the Persian Gulf—is a waterless desert, only diversified here and there by strips and patches of vegetation. Such green spots or tracts—which are in fact but oases on a large scale—are the rich plains on the banks of the Tigris and the Euphrates, the long strips of verdure on the banks of the Nile, the occasional centres of vegetation in Arabia Felix and Idumæa, and lastly, the cultivated, though narrow territory of Palestine itself."

† Palestine is an exception, but an exception of the sort which is said to prove the rule. It is a mountainous country, but then the Israelitish civilization was derived from Egypt.

adapted to supply the wants of a large population), sometimes the ambition of a popular leader, or a weaker tribe flying before a stronger, originated an impulse which was propagated through several intermediate tribes, until the last was precipitated on the territory of a more fertile or less military neighbor. But whatever have been the causes of the irruptions which have from time to time desolated Europe and Asia, the invading race—in their own country so tenacious of their customs that we have historic proof of their not having materially varied for a thousand years at least—have in every case readily adapted their habits to the different physical circumstances of their new homes.

Take, for example, the inhabitants of the province of the Lower Danube. Their history is very shortly this. In the beginning of the fifth century large bodies of a Turkish tribe, descending from the Asiatic plateau, crossed the Don, and penetrated westward into the heart of France. After the death of Attila they retreated to the banks of the Volga, where they settled. From that country, they issued forth at a later period, recrossed the Danube, established themselves on its banks, and there founded the Bulgarian kingdom, which was so formidable to the Byzantine emperors, and has been so troublesome to modern European politicians.

"It is needless," says Gibbon, in describing their original condition, "to renew the simple and well-known picture of Tartar manners. They were bold and dexterous archers, who drank the milk and feasted on the flesh of their fleet and indefatigable horses. Their huts were hastily built of rough timber, and we may not without flattery compare them to the architecture of the beaver, which they resembled in a double issue to the land and water for the escape of the savage inhabitant—an animal less cleanly, less diligent, less social, than that marvellous quadruped."

This is the people which during the last few years has been so prominently brought under our notice. Western Europe has been earnestly appealed to on behalf of the Bulgarians, the development of whose civilization deserves, it is said, to be rewarded with independence. Allowing for the exaggeration of partisanship, it is certain not only that the improvement has been great, but that it has been independent, worked out by themselves with but little aid from external civilization.

* "Decline and Fall," chap. xlii.

And we may feel tolerably sure that, had this people remained in the highlands of Asia, their habits would have been stationary, not progressive.

Turning from Europe to Asia, we see another tribe of the same restless people pouring down, as they had done periodically for ages, on to the Persian Empire, then held by the Saracens. For two hundred years the fury of the Arabs kept them back, but in the tenth century a Turkish dynasty was erected in the north of Persia, and about the same time inroads were made on Hindostan, ending with the establishment of the Mogul dynasty. The history of China is little else than the history of the successive inroads of their northern neighbors. All researches into the origin of the Chinese nation conduct the inquirer to the northwest, confirming the opinion, probable on other grounds, of the general derivation of all Asiatic civilization from the same quarter.* But whether at Constantinople, Bagdad, Delhi, or Peking, the descendants of the shepherds have easily yielded to surrounding influences. They have abandoned at once, and without a struggle, the ingrained habits of centuries, and their social and intellectual development, although not to be measured against that of Europe, has been at least equal to that of the nations whom they have successively supplanted.

But in one notable instance, instead of descending into the plains of lower Asia, they immigrated into a country in all essential respects similar to their own, and in this case they retained for centuries their distinctive habits. The people whom Herodotus calls Scythians, and who wandered over the steppes of southern Russia, were, it is pretty well settled, Mongolians.† He describes them as leading a wandering life, despising agriculture, and looking with extreme jealousy on all

* "We find no difficulty," says Professor Nickol, referring to the conclusions of M. Boué, "in agreeing that the further back we go into the twilight of the past, the probability is more forcibly impressed that the seats of the earliest discernible civilization were the mountainous parts of the several continents, from which the diverse tribes descended and diffused themselves gradually, as geological changes permitted the lowlands to be made habitable."

† Mr. Rawlinson ("Herodotus," vol. iii. appendix to book iv.), however, decides in favor of the Indo-Germanic hypothesis. His opinion is derived from an examination of the few Scythian words which have come down to us—remnants of the language of the royal tribe. He admits that there may have been a Mongolian element among the European Scythians.

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foreign habits, as they could well afford to do, since they had some very original customs of their own. He does not give them a high reputation for wisdom, and finds very little to commend in their institutions.* In no respect does his language recall the praise of the poet—

"Illic matre carentibus

Privignis mulier temperat innocens :

Nec dotata regit virum

Conjux, nec nitido fidit adultero.

Dos est magna parentum

Virtus—

but the account which he has left us of them would serve, with very slight alterations, as a history of the manners of their Asiatic ancestors, and is instructive as showing how uniformly similar circumstances tend to produce a similar character.

The history of the Arabs furnishes another example, more instructive because more familiar. What they were and are in their own country we know. But within a century of the flight of the Prophet the reign of his successors extended from India to the Atlantic, over the provinces of Persia, Syria, Egypt, Africa, and Spain. So long as they were confined to the sterile peninsula of Arabia, their language—the copiousness and beauty of which is universally extolled—had contributed nothing to the permanent knowledge of mankind. It was contained in the memory of an illiterate people. Not only do they possess no authentic literary relics of an earlier date than the sixth century of our era, but the northern tribes had not even an alphabet until a short time before Mahomet. But new scenes stimulated their curiosity, and conquest, which gave them both leisure and wealth, furnished the means of satisfying their cravings after knowledge. In the eighth century the works of the principal speculative and scientific writers of Greece were collected and translated into the Arabic language. A magnificent college was founded at Bagdad, another at Bokhara, and another at Cordova. Observatories were built both at Bagdad and Damascus, and in the various cities of Andalusia more than seventy public libraries were opened. Arabic literature, dating from this period, is rich in historical works, in mathematics, astronomy, philosophy, and criticism. Alchemy—a science to which we are too really indebted to treat either it or its professors with disrespect—derived from them both its

name and existence. But the extent of their influence over the mind of Europe is best shown by the number of words in daily use amongst us which they have contributed—alchemy, alcohol, alkali, almanac, algebra, admiral. So much for the effect of six hundred years of foreign conquest on a people who previously possessed neither alphabet, books, nor, with the exception of poetry, any form of literature whatever.

These or similar considerations probably induced the widely spread belief in the power of Nature to form and modify society; but it is obvious that although they may raise a presumption in favor of such belief, they do not amount to proof. Arguments inferring the connection of phenomena from their co-existence or succession are indeed very common, and nowhere more so than in inquiries into the character of man and nations. *Post hoc, ergo propter hoc*; we never need look far for an illustration of that fallacy. But it does not require much reflection to see that in all civilized countries the character of the people is influenced by numerous circumstances very remotely connected with its physical condition. There will be some form or other of religion; there will be a certain political constitution; a standard of present opinion, and a large infusion of traditionary belief. Granting that no one of these is altogether independent of the direct operation of external nature—it cannot be denied that they are principally due to the action of the mind of man. And the more civilized a nation is, the less its character is the exclusive and immediate product of the physical conditions under which it lives; arguments derived from its history will therefore be the less pertinent. But the habits and actions of people successively lower in the social scale exhibit more and more of the direct interference of Nature, until at last we find in some of the African tribes such interference paramount, determining their life almost as effectually as it does that of the lower creation. Now were we well acquainted with the history of a sufficient number of these barbarous hordes, it is very possible that we might ascertain, by a direct comparison of their character with their country, the relation of which we are in search. But a nation savage enough to be useful for this purpose would scarcely possess records of any value. This, then, is the dilemma; in those cases in which we have historical data, the phenomena

* "Herodotus," iv. c. 46.

are so complex that we are unable to argue from them; in those cases in which the phenomenon is sufficiently simple we have no history.

It becomes, therefore, necessary to adopt the converse, *a priori*, deductive method;—to cast history to the winds, and solve the problem as best we may, by the aid of the known laws of the operations of Nature on man. The most obvious and satisfactory way of doing so would be by considering the effect of local causes on the various actions and motives which together constitute national character. But for our present purpose this investigation would be too long. If we could find something which is the symptom or mark of character; something so uniformly connected with particular habits and thoughts that we can argue from its presence to their existence, it would be sufficient to show that physical causes produced the former, to prove that they will cause the latter. Of such indications we will select two; 1. The form of Government: 2. The state of knowledge.

It has been said that the mass of the people are generally very indifferent about theories of government; they are, nevertheless, most intimately concerned with them. So much so, that the mere substitutions of an oligarchy for a monarchy, or of a monarchy for a republic—in the absence, let us suppose, of any corresponding alteration in the feelings or opinions of the people—is quite sufficient to divert the national character into a new channel. If we know nothing of a given country except this, that in it the supreme power is wielded by the people, yet we are in possession of a most telling fact. We know that there will be a sense of responsibility in each member, and a feeling of interest in the State as distinguished from himself, which are not without their moral value; that there will be many sympathies, sentiments, and capacities to which a nation, the mass of whose members have no concern with the Government, will be entire strangers.* We may calculate on finding versatility rather than depth of acquirement, inconsistency, generosity, energy. From the fact of a despotism, we may conclude that there will be an increase of selfishness and a

diminution of public virtue. The instincts of all men lead them in the direction of their private good, and it is only the consciousness of their exertions being recognized and productive that will induce them to interest themselves for the benefit of all. Despotism not only does not encourage such action, but is bound to suppress it at the price of its own existence. Combination for any purpose whatever, as it may be made the occasion of political change, is discouraged by the ruling power. Hence this kind of government frequently gives birth to solitary thinkers of great power—men who, shut out from active life, are led to concentrate their faculties on some one subject which they exhaust—and who rise high above the average level of intelligence, because, to the generality of men, co-operation is an essential element in success.* But even on the form of their studies Government impresses its stamp. Thought is an oppression to those who can at once discern what mankind is capable of, and see to what it has been reduced. And as under a despotism there is little encouragement to study any subjects connected with human nature, the progress of philosophy will probably be rather in the direction of the physical and metaphysical than of the moral and political sciences.

In considering the second criterion, we must be content with general indications. It appears, from what has just been said, that the question of the state of knowledge does not admit of being wholly separated from that of the form of government, but that it is dependent on it both as to its direction and amount. It will still be useful to investigate apart the influence which local causes may exert in developing the reason or in exciting the feelings and sensations; since, in proportion to the energy of these faculties, the corresponding branches of knowledge will preponderate, and we shall have on the one hand historians, natural philosophers, and lawyers, and on the other poets, painters, musicians, and writers of fiction.

The position of man, considered merely as an animal living on the surface of the earth, differs in this from that of its other inhabitants: that, while they have certain limits beyond which they will not wander, if left to

* "Ἐνι τοῖς αὐτοῖς οἰκεῖν ἡμὰ καὶ πολιτικῶν ἀπαμύεσθαι, καὶ ἑτέροις πρὸς ἔργα τετραμμένοις τὰ πολιτικὰ μὴ ἐνδεῖς γινώσκει μόνον γὰρ τὸν τὸν μὴδεν τῶνδε μετέχοντα οὐκ ἀπράγμονα ἀλλ' ἀχρεῖον νομίζομεν."—Thucydides, ii. 40. Pericles' weighty words hold good of any other democracy.

* "It is precisely because there is at present much knowledge and enlightenment in France," said Voltaire, "that we complain of the want of original genius."

their natural freedom, he is a citizen of the world, inhabiting with almost equal readiness every part of its domain. And yet, while Nature allows him the most unbounded liberty of wandering where he wills, it is only on condition of his obeying certain of her laws that he is able to enjoy his privilege. In the natural, as in the moral and political schemes, rights involve duties. Now men of all races and temperaments, wherever they live, maintain a bodily temperature which never falls below 94° , nor rises above 102° . Whatever the relation may be—whether connected with the cause of life or only one of its effects—it seems certain that 80° , or, let us say 100° , are the narrow limits above and below which the heat of the body cannot long be maintained consistently with health and life. Narrow, indeed, these limits seem when compared with the enormous differences of external temperature under which mankind habitually exist. If we compare the Tropics with the Polar regions, this is not less than from 60° to 70° of mean annual temperature; that is to say, that in the Tropics, taking one day with another throughout the year, the heat is 80° , while within the Arctic circle it is 20° , and in many places 10° only:—in the former case 30° hotter, in the latter 30° colder, than the mean annual temperature of England. But if, instead of striking the average of the whole year, we compare the summer of the Tropics with the Polar winter, the extreme points differ fully 200° . It is obvious that the physiological condition of men who, under such opposite circumstances, maintain a bodily temperature which does not vary more than 10° , must be very dissimilar. The Brazilian or Hindoo has to make a permanent addition of about 20° to the temperature of his body, the rest being given by the climate; the Esquimaux must supply nearly 80° , and he may fairly complain of being somewhat overtaxed. But how does he supply it? from what fund, and by what means?

The answer to this question leads to the consideration of the food consumed by man. Food serves two main purposes; it supplies us, in the first place, with a certain proportion of that heat which we have just seen to be necessary to life, and, in the second place, it repairs the waste which is constantly taking place in the mechanism of the frame. For each of these different purposes a different kind of food is provided. The temperature

of the body is maintained chiefly by a class of substances which may be called, for the sake of simplicity, "combustible substances." Almost every thing which we eat contains a certain proportion of them; but in some kinds of food this proportion is so much greater, that when we have occasion for an additional supply of heat, it is sound policy to consume that kind instead of any other. Now the inhabitants of extremely cold climates, inasmuch as but little heat is supplied to them from without, are obliged to consume a large quantity of combustible food, otherwise the temperature of their bodies would inevitably fall below the limits within which alone life is possible. And in northern latitudes, where there is scarcely any vegetation, there is only one source whence this food can be obtained—the fat, blubber, and oil of fish, and the flesh of the reindeer and sea-fowl. The quantity, however, which they manage to consume may fairly be called large. Mrs. Somerville calculates it from ten to twelve pounds daily for each man. The account of the Moravian missionaries is less circumstantial, but more striking. It is not reduced to figures, but is presented to us in the form of a picture. After a general allusion to the gluttony which prevails, they go on to say—"It is a mother's greatest joy to see her children eat their fill, and then roll upon the bench to make themselves capable of receiving more."* A passage like this is worth a blue-book of figures. We may assume that the Esquimaux ladies are not destitute of natural affection. They would scarcely sit by in a state of visible gratification while their children were being gorged with food, rolled on a bench, and regorged, if such a proceeding were not good for them. And we have every reason to suppose that it is. For, independently of the testimony of science, which tells us that the necessity for a higher temperature involves an increased quantity of food, the mere fact of what we call gluttony being an universal habit goes far to prove it to be a necessary one. On these matters it is astonishing how just is the practice even of the mass of mankind. With regard to the mixture of their food, they are guided by what Liebig calls "an unerring instinct," but which is, no doubt, an unconscious experience to form precisely that combination which is best suited to the various wants of the system. And we may be sure

* Crantz, "Greenland," i. 13

that the regulation of the quantity of food is effected with no less certainty than that of the quality. Individual excesses are unfortunately peculiar to no country or nation; but that a whole people should, for the mere gratification of an appetite, habitually eat themselves into such a state that it is only by the application of external mechanical aids that they are enabled to eat more, is not only an uncomfortable belief, but one for which we have no warrant either in fact or reason. We must conclude therefore that an overruling physical necessity obliges these people to consume a quantity of food, which, when compared with our own requirements, seems excessive. It unfortunately happens that the substances proper for their purpose are not readily met with, and the difficulty of obtaining them is of course increased by the facts which have just been mentioned. Whether the deficiency is caused by a diminished supply, or an increased consumption, is a matter of no practical moment; in this case not only is there comparatively little to begin with, but there is a large demand for what little there is. It will follow that the population must necessarily be small. It rises as the means of subsistence rise, and falls when they fall, and is always ultimately in proportion to its means of support. So that one general result of an extremely cold climate, and of the local causes connected therewith, is that there will be a small population. This fact is a significant one, and deserves to be carefully weighed. A nation which only numbers a few thousand members, is, *ipso facto*, cut off from many of the higher forms of civilization. In the first place, inasmuch as the division of labor is limited by the extent of the market, and the extent of the market by the too small population, there will be none of that combination which economizes labor and cheapens its products—none of those results which are effected by the union of many insignificant forces. No public works, no great improvement can take place. There will be a constant tendency to throw each member of the community on his own resources, to widen the gulf which separates him from his fellow-men, to make society nothing more than an aggregation of independent units, to weaken social intercourse, and to make political sympathy impossible. And a further, but by no means remote consequence is, that there will be much freedom and much ignorance; great independ-

ence of character, and a low intellectual standard. For isolation, while it conduces to freedom, is adverse to intelligence. When a man is dependent on his own unaided and unremitting exertions for lodging, food, and clothing, he is not likely to be waiting in self-reliance; but then his time is so much taken up with his necessary occupations, that he has but little leisure for self-improvement. His whole life is spent in the bare process of living. And, owing to the thinness of the population, he loses the opportunity of sharpening his intellect by the collision of conflicting opinions which is so readily afforded when men congregate in considerable numbers.

We must not overlook the fact that the configuration of continents, the presence and direction of mountain chains, and the other features of physical geography, act with immense power, not only on the general civilization of a country, but on that part of it with which we are more immediately concerned—the form of its government. "It is of the nature of a republic," said Montesquieu, "to have a small territory." And it has been remarked that throughout all the larger nations of mediæval and modern Europe the prevailing sentiment has been favorable to monarchy; but wherever any single city, small district, or cluster of villages, whether in the plains of Lombardy, on the mountains of Switzerland or Greece, has acquired independence, the tendency has been towards some modification of republican government. Islanders, people separated from their neighbors by masses of mountains, or isolated by difficulties of transit, are virtually in the position of nations with a small territory. Now of course a mountain becomes much sooner impassable in a cold than in a hot climate, and many hills which would scarcely be an obstacle in the one case become an insurmountable barrier in the other. It happens, too, that in northern Asia and America, and in a less degree in Europe, the large rivers—so invaluable elsewhere as a means of communication—are entirely useless. For, owing to the inclination of the continents, they all flow towards the north and north-west, and they happen to discharge themselves into the sea within the limits of perpetual ice, so their mouths are blocked up, and they themselves shut out against navigation. These several circumstances, added to the usual difficulty of travelling amid ice and snow, all help to confine the people of the North within

narrow limits. And if there is any truth in the connection of freedom with a small territory, or of intelligence with an extended experience, they must also contribute to produce freedom and to prevent intelligence.

If we consider the effects of the temperature as an independent agent, it will be seen that they point in exactly the same direction. It is the skin which is chiefly affected by external cold. It contracts as any other body would do on its temperature being lowered. The effect of which is, first, to cause the extremities of the nerves to withdraw from the surface of the skin along which they had been spread out; next, by diminishing the diameter of the capillaries, to drive the blood inwards; thirdly to close the pores and shut out communication by that channel from within and without. The sensibility of any part of the body depends, 1, on the proportion of sensory fibres with which it is supplied; and 2, on the activity of its capillary circulation. Long-continued cold must of necessity diminish, and in time destroy sensation, since it weakens the conditions on which that faculty depends. And in fact it has long been noticed that the Esquimaux, in common with all hyperborean tribes, are as nearly as possible without feeling on the surface of their bodies. They can stand or walk on broken glass without the slightest inconvenience, and are described as being quite amused at the astonishment of the French sailors who saw them perform this feat.* This hardness has its advantages, but it is highly unfavorable to mental development, as it is probable that all the operations of the intellect are originally dependent on the reception of sensations. The activity of the mind, in fact, is as much the result of the impressions by which its faculties are called into play, as the life of the body is the consequence of the excitement of its several vital properties by external stimuli. So that the proximate effect of cold being to diminish the number and weaken the strength of the external sensations transmitted to the brain, its remote effect will be to weaken the activity of the brain itself; for it is a general rule that every organ acts with increased or diminished energy as it is excited or not by its appropriate stimulus.

* The story is told by Cabanis, "*Rapports du Physique et du Moral de l'Homme*," tome i. Mémoire 8. Compare Montesquieu, "*L'Esprit des Loix*," xiv. c. 2: "Il faut écorcher un Muscovite pour lui donner du sentiment."

It only remains for us to notice under this head that agriculture and the pastoral life being both impossible, the people are of necessity hunters. The pursuit and capture of the animals which constitute their food is attended with much danger, and demands both skill and courage in no ordinary degree. Such men are not likely to surrender their personal independence, but they are still less likely either to seek or find opportunities of mental cultivation. Their life is passed in what Mr. Hallam well calls a state of "strenuous idleness." History fully confirms the general conclusion. But we think that, even in the absence either of records or experience, any one might easily arrive by a strictly deductive chain of reasoning at this principal factor; that the local causes which prevail in the north tend, 1, to engender freedom; and 2, to produce ignorance.

It now becomes necessary to make a somewhat rapid transition; to migrate mentally from scenes typical of desolation and death to the living glories and teeming luxuriance of the Tropics. Here, if we may trust to external analogies, will be found the most perfect specimens of our race. In the presence of all that is most lovely, as of all that is most majestic in nature, man, the living centre of this great work, will be worthy of his opportunities and position. That social progress should grow out of the development of those physical circumstances which, it is admitted, influence it in some mode or another—the highest forms of the one being correlative to the highest forms of the other, is perfectly agreeable to our tastes and prejudices; the worst that can be said of it is, that it is not true. The fact being that as far as moral and intellectual perfection are concerned—the tropics are very little, if at all, better than the poles. It has been already stated, that the number of the inhabitants of any given country is always proportional to the means of subsistence in it. To this it must be added, that whatever may be the natural or acquired powers of the soil, population will soon mount up to it unless restrained by wants whose gratification is inconsistent with such an increase. These wants are of course of a higher nature than the mere satisfaction of the necessary demands for personal shelter, food, and clothing. They consist in the desire to live in a more refined and orderly manner, in the wish for education and the ambition to rise.

Wherever they are absent, population rapidly progresses to the extreme point at which it can be maintained by the supporting power of the particular country. The stimulus of increasing comforts and constantly elevated desires, when felt by a sufficiently large number of individuals, creates a demand which will always lead to its gratification by means of new inventions cheapening and diffusing the luxuries of life. But comforts are not necessities until they have been enjoyed a certain length of time, and they cannot be enjoyed at all by the majority unless a considerable number have the means of purchasing them—in other words, money in hand over and above what is sufficient to support and clothe them. So that the acquisition of wealth is not only desirable on account of the more obvious and material advantages which it enables its possessors to purchase, but without some measure of it neither an individual nor a state can attain any thing like a high standard of moral and intellectual development. Poverty is indeed an evil, for it implies a degradation; lower tastes, lower habits, a less human life. Now, whether the masses in any country will have such a surplus fund depends of course on the rate of wages; and the rate of wages depends on the amount of capital devoted to the payment of wages compared with the number of laborers.

"So long as capital and population increase or diminish in the same proportion, the rate of wages or the quantity of necessities and conveniences falling to the share of the laborer can undergo no change. But if the mass of capital be on the one hand augmented without a corresponding augmentation taking place in the population, a larger share of such capital will fall to each individual, or the rate of wages will be increased. And if on the other hand population is augmented faster than capital, a less share will be apportioned to each individual, or the rate of wages will be reduced. The well-being and comfort of the laboring classes are thus especially dependent on the proportion which their increase bears to the increase of the fund which is to feed and employ them."

"Wages cannot rise, but by an increase of the aggregate funds employed in hiring laborers, or a diminution in the number of competitors for hire; nor fall, except either by a diminution of the funds devoted to paying labor, or by an increase in the number of laborers to be paid."†

* Smith's "Wealth of Nations," vol. iv. p. 173. Note by McCulloch.

† Mill's "Political Economy," vol. i. p. 402.

Now the causes which produce an increase of capital are perfectly distinct from those on which population depends; and an augmentation in the number of laborers has no tendency to increase the fund out of which they are paid, but has a tendency to diminish it.

The conclusion from these principles seems inevitable. The natural tendency of plentiful food, in the absence of a powerful restraint, is to keep the population up to the limit which that food will support; in other words, to keep them poor. Examining the nature of the restraint, it is found to depend for its existence on the rate of wages; a high rate being favorable to it and a low rate all but inconsistent with it. But the rate of wages is itself determined by the proportion of capital to population, and as these do not vary simultaneously, the effect of an increase in the number of any people will be to tend to lower wages—that is, to remove the very check on which we chiefly depend to prevent such increase from becoming excessive, and therefore, poverty from becoming prevalent.

As regards India, this conclusion is amply verified by experience, wages in that country averaging about 1s. 6d. a week.

"In Bengal," says Mr. Colebrooke, "where clothing, lodging, and fuel are of comparatively inferior importance, the necessary wages of labor are almost entirely determined by the cost of the food consumed by the laborer. But as this food is produced at very little cost, a laborer is able to subsist on a mere trifle; and the consequence is, that the customary rate of wages is so low as 2 1-2 d. a day."

And Mr. Buckle observes,

"If we examine the earliest Indian records which have been preserved—records between two thousand and three thousand years old—we find evidence of a state of things similar to that which now exists, and which, we may rely upon it, always has existed ever since the accumulation of capital once fairly begun. We find the upper classes enormously rich, and the lower classes miserably poor. We find those by whose labor wealth is created receiving the smallest possible share of it; the remainder being absorbed by the higher ranks in the form either of rent or of profit. The conclusion, therefore, which we are obliged to draw, is that in tropical districts there is a tendency for the mass of the people to become poor; this result being brought about by the fertility of the soil stimulating a dense population, and by the absence of those restraints of which the most important is a rate of wages which will enable the laborer to

purchase not merely the necessities, but also some of the luxuries of life."

So much for their poverty. The bearing of this fact on the form of government will be alluded to hereafter: for the present it will be convenient to sever for awhile the thread of this particular inquiry, and to pass to the consideration of that other criterion of national character—the state of knowledge.

The local causes which prevailed in the north were found to be adverse to thought. Are the inhabitants of the tropics in a position more favorable to the acquisition of knowledge; and if they are not, what will be the effect of their ignorance?

Now in the first place it may be noticed that our reasoning and emotional powers are to a great degree mutually exclusive; that whatever increases the one operates to a considerable extent to diminish the other; and, in the second place, that while the reason is chiefly occupied with the study of what is abstract, the imagination and feelings are most powerfully stimulated by the picturesque. Hence men of a nervous, sensitive organization are more often musicians, painters, and poets than natural philosophers, mathematicians, or lawyers. Success in the last mentioned pursuits demands patient and sustained thought, together with a power of attending to the succession of events, and a certain coldness of temperament which are very unlikely to exist in a man whose feelings are quick and active, and whose attention is perpetually disturbed by fresh objects being forced upon it. The qualities which charm us in the musician or painter, on the contrary, depend on facility of illustration rather than depth of view; on the grace and ease with which they travel from one thought to another, and not on the determinate perseverance which follows out its subject until it has exhausted it; they are concerned with the co-existence and not with the succession of phenomena; the power of abstracting his mind from all surrounding circumstances which is so essential to the man of science, is fatal to the man of art. So completely does the latter follow the lead of his feelings, that when he becomes very distinguished, he does not even think. "I say, 'he thinks this,' and 'introduces that,'" says Mr. Ruskin, speaking of Turner; "but strictly speaking he does not *think* at all. If he thought, he would instantly go

wrong. *It is only the clumsy and unimaginative artist who thinks.*"* It will accordingly be found that countries favorable to the development of the imagination and sensations, and presenting many objects calculated to excite them, are the natural home of the fine arts. In comparing the proportion which artists and poets bear to men of science in the South and North of Europe respectively, it will be found that the literature of Italy and Spain is very much more imaginative than that of Germany and England. But if in the place of Italy, India were to be taken, the contrast would be more striking still. In the former case the disproportion between the two classes of writers is great; in the latter case there is no proportion at all. In the tropics every thing conspires to produce that particular organization which is characteristic of the poetic temperament. You cannot look at an Oriental without seeing the quick, restless eye—the ever watchful attention which accompany high nervous power. The whole character, of their literature, their religion, their language, are intensely imaginative. In Southern Europe poetry predominates over philosophy; but the philosophy of India is itself poetry. And where this is the character of the thinking few, what will be the probable condition of the many who do *not* think? Where even the intelligence of a country is unrestrained by the sober exercise of reason, we may infer with some likelihood that the unreflecting portion of it will be ruled by their passions; that the national character will be impulsive rather than cautious, and marked by the vices as well as by the brilliant qualities of that state.

This result is heightened by an entirely different cause; the comparative shortness of life in the tropics. The average age of a nation, or the mean duration of life in it has, as every one would expect, a considerable influence on its character. The difference between a country where the average age is fifty, as contrasted with one where it is only thirty, is much the same as the difference between two men of these respective ages. We may see it in the instance of the Americans as compared with ourselves. The average age of the population in England and Wales is twenty-six years and seven months: in the United States it is twenty-two years and two months. In England there are one thousand

* "Modern Painters," vol. iv. p. 25.

three hundred and sixty-five people in every ten thousand who have attained fifty years of age and consequently of experience; while in the United States only eight hundred and thirty in each ten thousand have arrived at that age; consequently in the United States the moral predominance of the young and passionate is greatest.

It may not, perhaps, at first sight appear that the duration of life has any thing to do with the tendency of knowledge to assume the form of poetry rather than that of science; but the connection will be recognized when we recall the fact that musicians and poets usually die young, and that philosophers and lawyers do not. Of the last ten Chancellors from Lord Thurlow downwards, the youngest is Lord Cranworth, who is about seventy years of age. Their average age is at present something over seventy-six years; but inasmuch as Lords Lyndhurst, Brougham, St. Leonards, and Cranworth are, happily, yet alive, it will turn out to be rather higher. For the purpose of comparison, let us select ten of our most distinguished poets, beginning with Spencer:—

	Age.		Age.
Spencer	46	Lord Thurlow . .	76
Shakspeare . . .	52	“ Loughborough .	72
Milton	66	“ Erskine	73
Pope	56	“ Eldon	87
Thomson	48	“ Lyndhurst . . .	87
Gray	55	“ Brougham . . .	81
Keats	24	“ Cottenham . . .	70
Wordsworth . . .	80	“ Truro	73
Coleridge	62	“ St. Leonards . .	78
Byron	36	“ Cranworth . . .	70

The average age of the poets is fifty-two. Every one of them is therefore, more than twenty-four years younger than each of the last ten Chancellors.

If these were mere facts unexplained by reference to any general law, it would be impossible to argue from them. But the reason of the thing is perfectly well understood. Poets are usually men of a high nervous development, and the exercise of their art calls for great temporary excitement, followed by a corresponding depression. This is not so healthy as the more prolonged but less intense effort which lawyers are in the habit of applying to their work; and of course the more unhealthy an occupation is, the sooner on the whole will those engaged in it die.

As the tendency of thought in the tropics is poetic and imaginative, the population will probably be short-lived; unless the operation of this cause is counteracted by that of any

other exerting itself in a contrary direction. We should also expect the mortality in Italy to be greater than that in England. The duration of life is no doubt affected by many causes quite independent of this one; but a constant quantity is sure to tell on the average result. The tables of mortality show that counterbalancing forces of sufficient power do not in fact exist.

In England, since

1821, there has been 1 death in 58

In Germany, since

1825, “ “ 45

In the Roman States, since

1829, “ “ 28

In Bombay the proportion is 1 death in . . . 20

So that the causes which affect the state of knowledge in the tropics have a twofold operation. By increasing the proportion of imaginative writers and thinkers, they directly tend to subjugate the reason; indirectly they do the same by shortening the mean annual duration of life.

Let us now resume the unfinished inquiry into influence of local causes on the form of government within the tropics, which was broken in upon by the view which we have just taken of the state of knowledge. We had arrived at this point—that the effect of a large population was to keep the people poor. It is well said that wealth is, after intellect, the most permanent source of power. But when we talk of knowledge being power, it must be understood that the word refers solely to that insight into the nature and properties of things which is gained by the exercise of our purely reasoning faculties. In this sense Bacon uses the word when he says that “knowledge and human power are synonymous;” for, as he says, “he who has learned the cause of a nature in particular subjects only, has but an imperfect knowledge.” Now we must have knowledge, or be able to purchase its results, if we would either hold our own or attain any degree of power or influence. But the mass of the people in a tropical country, being both poor and ignorant, are neither able to purchase the results of knowledge, nor to acquire it for themselves. We may be sure, therefore, that their political position will be one of dependence and subserviency—a dependence guaranteed by no rights, and a subserviency at once thankless and unrewarded; that they will lie an easy prey to the first ambitious man whom circumstances may happen to elevate, and that all the conditions most favorable to despotism

already exist. The histories of Assyria, Egypt, Persia, China, and India, attest that these conditions have in fact been irresistible. Nowhere in the history of the world has the rigid, irresponsible, self-interested rule of one man been so uniformly acquiesced in. Their institutions seem to have caught something of the fixity and unchanging regularity of the great physical phenomena which surround them. For they are now at that precise point in their constitutional history at which they had arrived twenty-five centuries ago. During the whole of that time they have known no other change than that of one ruler for another; they have never risen to any conception higher than that of a purely personal government. We can readily understand why they should have taken the lead in an early development of the civilization of the infancy of the world—that infancy which is sometimes appealed to as antiquity—and why they should have remained stationary ever since. Every thing conspired to make them extremely fertile; heat, moisture, and a rich soil. A large population was the natural result of a profusion of food. The physical conditions, on which character most immediately depends, were exerted in a direction unfavorable to deep thought and strength of will, but most favorable to the development of the feelings, emotions, and passions. The restraints on population being wanting, population increased with a rapidity which far outstripped capital, and the great body of the people was therefore poor. Then a combination of circumstances took place by which wealth was placed at the disposal of some one either more able or more unscrupulous, or, perhaps, both abler and more unscrupulous than his neighbors. History leaves us at no loss to divine by what arts and through what crimes such a man would rise to supreme power, or how, arrived there, he would retain his position by practising, like Deioces, on the fears and superstition of his subjects.* The latter, unaccustomed to independent action, and secure of their daily food, would not be likely to fret under the yoke, unless perhaps when extraordinary demands were made on their lives

* Herod. i. 99, 100, where the leading feature of eastern court etiquette is neatly put: ταῦτα δὲ περὶ ἑωυτὸν ἐσέμνυνε [Διηϊόκης] τῶνδε εἰνεκεν, ὅπως ἂν μὴ ὄραντες οἱ ὀμῆλῳες, εὐντες σύντροφοί τε ἐκείνῳ καὶ οἰκίῃς οὐ φανερτέρῃς, οὐδὲ ἐξ ἀνδραγαθῆν ῥεπόμενοι, λυπεύοιτο καὶ ἐπιβουλεύοιεν, ἀλλ' ἑτεροῖς σφι δοκοῖεν εἶναι μὴ ὄρωσι.

and labors in the prosecution of a great war, or the erection of gigantic mausoleums or palaces. And it is as obvious that a State, the whole of whose resources are grasped by a single hand, will dazzle posterity by the magnificence of its public works, as that it will be unable to compete with the legitimate expansions of modern freedom, and that so long as it retains its own type of government, it will remain in an essentially barbarous and unimproving state.

We cannot help adding our belief that the buildings which have been erected during the last few years in Paris, in order to create a fictitious demand for labor, and which, in the eyes of some Englishmen, prove the inferiority of their own Government, will hereafter be classed with the gardens of Semiramis, the palaces of the Incas, and the Pyramids, as among the most decisive proofs of a low political feeling among the people who tolerate, and of the ignorance of the rulers who have raised them.

There is one other subject to which allusion must be made, as it usually occupies a prominent position in inquiries of this nature—the question as to the influence of scenery upon character. If any effect at all is produced by the outward appearance of a country, it can only be by an appeal to that sense of the beautiful and the grand which some men possess in a very slight degree, and which others do not possess at all. In order to see any thing in a landscape, it is necessary to carry to it an educated eye and a cultivated taste. There are many people to whom the most lovely view is nothing but a series of graduated shadows and confused colors. The inhabitants of mountain countries may or may not be sensible to the beauties which surround them: if they have by any means gained the requisite cultivation, they will be favorably placed for progress in poetry and the fine arts; but the mere fact of living among natural beauties does not imply that they are either seen or appreciated. Mr. Ruskin has been travelling in Switzerland: this is what he says of the Swiss:—

“It was somewhat depressing to me to find, as day by day I found more certainly, that this people which first asserted the liberties of Europe, and first conceived the idea of equitable laws, was in all the—shall I call them the slighter or the higher?—sensibilities of the human mind, utterly deficient; and not only had remained from its earliest

ages till now without poetry, without art, without music, except a mere modulated sound; but, as far as I could judge from the rude efforts of their early monuments, would have been, at the time of their greatest national power, incapable of producing good poetry or art under any circumstances of education."^{*}

If this is a true picture, Alpine scenery has not had much effect on the Swiss. Indeed, the number of people who are capable of being influenced by it must always be extremely limited. We should be justified on this ground alone in assigning to scenery a much more restricted sphere of operation than is due to those other causes which act upon the wants and requirements which are common to mankind at large. Yet it is probable that scenery modifies character to some extent. In the north, where the perceptions of the inhabitants are weak, and the aspect of nature dead and unvaried, this influence is scarcely appreciable. But in the south an ardent imaginative temperament is produced, and we can well conceive that it should be powerfully acted upon by the stupendous scale of the physical phenomena which prevail there. Hence comes a feeling of awe, increased by the destructive effects of hurricanes, floods, and earthquakes, and apt, among a people ignorant of their cause, to degenerate into a superstitious reverence for the supposed powers of nature.

We are now in a position to state some general results. In two opposite quarters of the world, the influence of local causes has been traced chiefly under two heads—in their operation on the political constitution, and on the knowledge of the inhabitants. As regards the first, we have seen that the result has been to create two forms of government, both objectionable—an unrestrained despotism in the south, and in the north a state of freedom scarcely to be distinguished from anarchy. Intellectually, also, very opposite conditions are produced under these different circumstances. Both are unfavorable to the growth of the reason, and hence to the progress of true knowledge. In the south, ignorance is produced by the power of passions, causing a relative weakness of the intellect; in the north, by the absence of sensations producing an absolute deficiency. The characteristics of the Esquimaux are all referable to the

* Inaugural Address delivered at Cambridge, October 29th, 1858.

idea of low energy; he is lazy, somnolent, and stupid: those of the Hindoo arise from misdirected power; he is cruel, sensual, and impetuous.

We have followed the growth of these results through the operation of cold, which, while it obliges man to be a large consumer of food, drives him to laborious and dangerous modes of procuring it, and hence makes him brave and independent indeed, but not wise; through the influence of a small population—the inevitable result of these and of other conditions—and which also tends to exaggerate their effect; through the outward aspect of the landscape, which is not calculated to stimulate thought; and, lastly, through the difficulties of transit debarring every northern tribe from intercommunication with themselves, and from contact with others.

We have seen in the tropics these conditions almost entirely reversed; food plentiful, labor all but unnecessary, Nature herself grand and attractive to an unexampled degree, and, in Asia at least, favoring rather than retarding the intercourse of nation with nation. But we have been compelled to acknowledge that what she gives is almost as fatal as what she withholds; since population produces poverty, poverty ignorance, and poverty and ignorance together pave the way for one of those despotisms which seem inconsistent with the highest form of national greatness. The physical aspect of the country, by supplying objects calculated to stimulate the imagination, and the influence of climate, by exalting the perceptive powers—both aided by the shorter duration of life—exalt the emotional and depress the rational faculties, and have therefore an unfavorable influence on the general state of knowledge. These are the extreme cases. We may, therefore, expect that where the causes are less active the effects will be less violent, and that the countries in which real liberty is to be found will be intermediate between those which produce despotism on the one hand and license on the other; that that balance of the faculties, mental and physical, which it is the aim of education to effect, will probably be due to a modification of the conditions which produce, as we have seen, the extremes of nervous energy and depression, passion and indifference, imagination and dulness.

It is an old opinion that nations like individuals pass through a series of regularly re-

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curing changes; that they have their critical periods of infancy and youth, in which a development of the constitution is attended with derangements more or less severe; that they emerge from these to encounter the trials of a more mature state, and finally, having exhausted the pre-appointed cycle, make way in the natural order of things for higher forms of political existence. Whatever may be the scientific value of this theory, it contains, at least, some most important truths. It implies that the present position and future destiny of mankind are effects due to the operation of causes which are or may be known. It asserts that the life of every nation, as of every individual, is evolved according to the laws of its own organism; that it is of a plan, that it forms part of a system, and that the present, which followed as of course from the past, will produce, equally of course, the future. In determining the course of that future, the operation of nature must, as we have seen, be counted as a most important element. But it is never to be forgotten, that if nature

acts on man, man re-acts, and with almost equal force, on nature. A canal through the Isthmus of Suez or Panama—the draining of a large district—are sufficient to cause a revolution not inferior to the operation of many physical causes. It may be that we are creatures of circumstances; but it is no less true that those circumstances are very much of our own creation, and, even where they are found for us, may be modified, moulded, and impressed in a manner only limited by the knowledge which we bring to bear upon them. Hence the lesson to be deduced is not despondency at human impotence, but a well-grounded feeling of confidence in human power. The struggle between nature and man is of old standing, and, although even now carried on with varying fortune, will terminate, there is good reason to believe, in our favor. But the conditions of our success are rigidly imposed. We may be destined to conquer nature and subdue her; but she can be conquered only by submission—we must subdue her by obeying her laws.

POTTERY FROM THE GRAVES AT CHIRIQUE.

—Dr. J. King Merritt recently obtained from the graves at Chirique, which are being rifled by gold seekers, a large number of curious specimens of pottery, which are now on exhibition in New York. The *New York Times* says:—

"The articles of pottery which he obtained are very interesting, and are mostly in a remarkable state of preservation. They consist, apparently, of cooking vessels of various shapes and sizes, slabs for grinding corn, cups of most grotesque designs, with handles formed of figures, like which there is nothing outside of a nightmare dream in their eccentric hideousness. Many of them are ornamented with borders and patterns in red paint, and the whole executed in a style of workmanship indicating no inconsiderable skill on the part of the designers. The models of the human figure are rude and uncouth. Among the specimens are some musical instruments, in baked clay, resembling boys' whistles, and others with finger holes, like miniature clarionets. In the collection are also a quantity of axe and arrow heads, in red and black stone, of quite rude formation. Dr. Merritt has also a few gold images which he purchased of natives, not having found any himself.

"He describes the country as being healthy in the dry season, but would dissuade any person from venturing there from the Northern States until December next. The graves lie mostly

along the rivers, and very seldom present any appearance of *tumuli*. Gold is not found in more than one grave out of ten, and then usually in small quantities. It is probable that only the remains of rich people were honored with auriferous images, and that the poorer classes had to content themselves in their repose, with the articles of baked clay. As to the date to be assigned to these articles, nothing can be said. No bones or the remains of the dead are found in the graves."

A DUET AT ST. CLOUD.

- Louis.* WHEN a little farm we keep,
With little girls and boys,
And little subjects, mild as sheep,
And guns for little toys.
- Louis.* { Oh, what happy, merry days we'll see,
Eugénie. { While Europe to our sceptre bends
the knee! (*Bis*).
- Eugénie.* In costume, I'll engage,
The Court shall be splendent;
- Louis.* By phrases, I presage,
Kings will be kept quiescent.
- Eugénie.* The mode I'll conduct!
- Louis.* The world I'll instruct!
- Eugénie.* "Mesdames, your Queen obey."
- Louis.* "L'Empire," Sirs, "C'est la paix."
- Both.* { Oh, what happy, merry days we'll see,
{ While Europe to our sceptre bends
the knee! (*Bis*). —*Punch*.

CHAPTER XIV.

SIR NICHOLAS' WOOING.

FURIOUSLY driving the spurs into his horse, Le Hardi galloped back towards Ladysmede. Not so well mounted, but of lighter weight, the Gascon squire contrived not to be left far behind. Those who could have looked into the face of the knight would have seen there a storm of contending passions which were striving to find some imperfect vent or relief in the impetuous speed with which he dashed on over the broken ground. When within a mile or two of the manor, he reined in to a walk the gentle barb, panting in every vein, but yet chafing at the restraint, and waited until Dubois, whose steed, of meaner blood, came heaving and floundering on by the help of good spurs and judicious handling, was near enough to hear his master's voice.

"Dubois!" said he, turning sharply round in his saddle.

The esquire rode up to his side.

"Did you make inquiry as I bid you?"

"I did, sir knight; I could learn nothing."

"Did you mark the chaplain by the wood-side as we left yon tower about a mile?"

Certainly, Dubois had marked him; there were few things within the scope of keen eyes and ready observation which he did not mark.

"Did it seem to you as though he sought to avoid being seen?"

The very same thought, it appeared, had struck the esquire.

"Had he been at Willan's Hope, think you?" asked Sir Nicholas.

"Nay, that I cannot tell," replied Dubois; "I do not hear that he is known there."

"Tis a strange fancy, Dubois," rejoined his master, "but that man's face seems to me always as one that I have looked on oftentimes before; yet never, to my knowledge, did I meet with him until lately here at Ladysmede."

"These foreign priests, Sir Nicholas, wander from end to end of Christendom; it may be like enough that you have met with him before, especially since he calls himself Italian."

"Where did Sir Godfrey make acquaintance with him?" asked the knight again.

"That, again, is more than I can learn," replied Dubois; "but he was with him in France, and had charge of the boy there."

"The boy!" replied his master, starting as from some other subject of thought—"he is with the Abbot of Rivelaby, you say; keep your own counsel in that matter for the present."

Dubois bowed, and dropped back to his usual distance in the rear. The knight spurred on again towards Ladysmede, and had no sooner arrived there than he at once sought his host Sir Godfrey. The latter was prepared to welcome his return with something of his usual coarse pleasantry, when the clouded brow and unpleasant smile which the crusader wore at his entrance checked the familiar words upon his lips; and it was Le Hardi who spoke first.

"The first string of our bow has snapped short, de Burgh," were his words. He laughed as he spoke, but not merrily.

"How now?" said his companion; "what has gone wrong?"

"In good faith," said Sir Nicholas, "that passes my understanding; but what I mean is this: yon fair cousin of yours likes me not—will have none of me." And he laughed again.

"What folly is this, Le Hardi?" returned the other, starting up; "you speak as if you were some foolish boy, to be discouraged by a girl's capricious fancy. I dare swear she likes you well enough, but for a little maiden backwardness, it may be; or have you been over-hasty with her? for she has a flash of the temper of our house about her, if it be roused."

"Never fear," said the Crusader, with a gesture of something near contempt; "I have scarce offended her dignity by any over-presumption; but I say she will have none of me; there is no mistaking the lady's mind, though the reason I pretend not to have discovered; nor, indeed, do I much care to seek it."

"Tush!" said de Burgh, coolly; "all will go right in time."

"I tell you, no!" returned the other, with an impatient movement—"not, at least, in the way you mean."

"You are surely somewhat faint-hearted, to hold the battle lost thus early in the day," said Sir Godfrey in a tone of banter, though with some uneasiness in his look; "lost, indeed, it shall hardly be, as you well know, with such stout friends to back you; but I had fancied, if I read your spirit aright, that

in these lists. you would have chosen rather to fight for your own hand."

Sir Nicholas turned and walked a few steps to the other side of the apartment. When he looked round in his companion's face, it was with an expression of countenance which showed how little he was inclined to reciprocate his host's attempt at raillery.

"I shall hold you to our compact, de Burgh," said he, significantly.

"Now, by the rood," said the other, his brow darkening in turn—"have I given any token of flinching from it?—all that one man may do for another in such a matter, I have done for you; and if I did not straight signify to my fair ward that it was his majesty's good pleasure—and mine—that she shall wed with you, it was at your own request that I forbore, if it will please you to remember so much. Take good heart, friend—if I may presume to say so to a champion of your pretensions—lands and lady shall be yours as sure as the sun shines in heaven. Or, at the worst, if the mistress fail you, I pledge you my honor the lands shall not; and as for the love—that, I take it, you know how to find elsewhere."

"Mark me, Sir Godfrey," said the other in a low, determined voice, "I will have both!"

"You shall, man, you shall, rest assured of it. What! our lovely ward is hardly made of the stuff that grows kindly in the cloister; I am little skilled in wooing, it is true,—curse me if I could find patience to sue an hour for any woman's favor, were she paragon of womankind!—but this comes of making too much of them; your high-flown courtesies and compliment make a wench think, forsooth, that she may play fast and loose with a lover as she pleases. If I have to woo for you, Sir Nicholas, I shall begin in somewhat different fashion."

"I doubt shrewdly whether your fashion is like to have much more success than mine, in this case," replied the Crusader with a contemptuous smile; "but if you be in earnest in the business (as I am, mark you), there is one form of wooing—somewhat bold and impetuous, perhaps, but that will hardly seem a fault in your eyes—which I have known to be successful even under more difficult circumstances."

"Speak your meaning out," said Sir Godfrey, "if you would have me understand."

"Send for the Lady Gladice here to Ladys-

mede: your chaplain, Father Giacomo, hath enough of the church's virtue about him, I charitably presume, to do his office in such wise that no man may gainsay it; and when priest and bridegroom are ready, and we have his majesty's good pleasure and her guardian's consent to plead, it should go hard with us if maiden scruples stood long in our way."

Sir Godfrey hardly responded to this proposal in the spirit in which it was made. There was unusual hesitation and embarrassment in his manner, as with a weak and forced attempt at the loud laugh which served him in the stead of argument upon such occasions, he took up his friend's last words.

"Maiden scruples! by the Virgin, if it be as you say, we have something more than maiden scruples to deal with here; we have a woman's will—a somewhat different matter, trust me!"

"The more need of brief and forcible argument," replied Le Hardi. There was no sympathy with his companion's laugh, either in look or tone.

"I thought," said the Knight of Ladysmede, "that you were one of those who would have no woman's love upon compulsion; but look you here—let me deal with my good kinswoman, Dame Elfild, concerning this question, which requires more delicate handling than mine; she has a cordial liking for this match, I promise you, and with her help all shall go well yet."

"Deal with whom you will, and as you will," returned Sir Nicholas, "my wooing is over; but listen to me, de Burgh: this girl and her lands might have gone their way for me—it was you that put me on the venture, and I have done my part as a good knight should, and in such fashion as you yourself thought best; but being put to it, I have no mind to cry craven as a baffled suitor, nor yet to play the slave to her dainty caprices. Had she fallen ripe into my mouth—as you seemed to expect—I do not know whether I should have had the good taste to appreciate such a piece of fortune as it deserved: but as it has chanced, this newly discovered scorn of hers—for scorn it is, and nothing less—becomes her so mightily, that in this mood, and no other, it is my pleasure to wed her, and I will. If you repent of your promise, you are scarce the man I knew in days past—you will determine that as it may seem best to your-

self; I will be true to my purpose, I warn you; and may chance to make it good, even though friend as well as mistress play me false."

The taunt awoke the fierce blood of Sir Godfrey, as his companion probably intended it should.

"False to my plighted word!" he exclaimed passionately—"have you even dared to think it? unsay the slander, or by my knighthood! you shall answer it."

"What now!" said the Crusader, with a slight careless laugh, though his eye moved a little restlessly as he met the glance from under Sir Godfrey's knitted brow—"What did I say? Tush, we know each other better than to quarrel for a foolish girl; I have your word, as you say,—none knows its worth better—and you have mine. Only—since in truth time presses with me—let me take my own course now with your fair ward; I promise you it will end as we both desire; help me so far as you may, and I will not tax your friendly offices for any thing desperate. Play the indulgent guardian to the last, if you will: I will risk all the pains and perils that await the too ardent lover."

Easily roused, Sir Godfrey was as easily appeased by the altered tone of his less impetuous companion. Even before his passion had time to cool, he remembered that it hardly suited his own views to fasten a quarrel upon his guest. "What is it you would have me do?" he asked, roughly.

"Merely that you should request of your fair kinswomen to bestow their company upon you here, on any seemly pretext you may choose; giving them to understand at the same time—for I have a persuasion it would be needful—that I have completed my business here, and returned to my good lord the king—which, however, I trust not to do until I leave a fair bride to weep for my compelled absence." There was an easy smile on the knight's countenance as he spoke, as if he felt an honest and natural satisfaction in the contemplation.

"And what is the rest of your plan?" asked Sir Godfrey, with a doubtful look. He was but a clumsy deviser of stratagems himself, and had little confidence in the success of others.

"That is all I ask of you; leave the rest in my hands. As to this Italian priest—gold

will buy of him such slight service as I shall need; will it not, think you?"

He was watching de Burgh's face curiously, though he passed his hand over his eyes, and asked in a careless tone.

"I can say little as to that," replied Sir Godfrey with hesitation; "I am not sure that his idols are of gold or silver, though that worship is common to his craft. Nor is he, I fancy, a poor man—though that makes little difference."

"Well—I think, perhaps, I can deal with him," said Le Hardi, thoughtfully—"I speak his language passably, as perhaps you know. At any rate, so please you to do your part in the matter, and trust me not to fail in mine."

Sir Godfrey signified his assent, and confirmed it by an oath more blasphemous than usual. He seemed to require some such strong asseveration to satisfy his own mind that he was in earnest. Then he rose from his seat, and stepping to a buffet on which a flagon of strong wine stood ready to his hand, he poured out and handed a cup to his companion, and then filled another for himself, more than to the brim, for the liquor ran over on the floor. With another oath, he drained it in great gulps, as if with its contents he was swallowing his conscience. Selfish and uncalculating, he had resolved upon his end, with little thought about the means by which it was to be attained, and it was only now that he was beginning fully to realize to his own mind what these might be. Brutal as his character had become in many respects, from the unrestrained indulgence of his worst passions, there was enough still left of the rough animal kindness of his nature to make him hesitate at inflicting, in cold blood, outrage and wrong upon one who had never injured him. Unable to appreciate the higher qualities of woman in his ward, he could still admire her beauty and spirit, and discovered that there was a feeling towards her lurking in his heart which scarcely deserved the name of affection, but which he himself tried hard, under present circumstances, to repudiate as a weakness. He had contemplated her acquiescence in a marriage with Sir Nicholas, he now felt, rather too sanguinely. In one point only he had been right; that the manners and bearing of the Crusader, his polished address and stores of conversation, his fame as a soldier of the cross and his favor with

the king, were likely to present to Gladice's eyes a favorable contrast with the two or three younger suitors who had hitherto aspired to her smiles, and, as Sir Godfrey had heard, had reaped little but contempt. He thought that he was but giving her credit for ordinary good sense, in assuming that she would prefer becoming the bride of such a man to the entombing herself in the cloister; and he saw neither cruelty nor hardship, and the world (not that its opinions were much valued at Ladysmede) would surely have seen none, when he intended to leave her no other choice. Even now, as he set the empty beaker down, he was trying to persuade himself that all would yet go well—that he was really consulting his ward's interests as well as his own, even though he should seem at first sight to be using somewhat strong compulsion. Still, the unpleasant truth forced itself upon his mind, that in acceding to his companion's last suggestion, he was doing that at which even his rude sense of honor recoiled as base and unworthy. For Sir Nicholas, the supposed ardor of his passion might excuse the lover; but for himself, even his own conscience, not over sensitive, had already suggested the name of traitor.

There was consideration given however, on the part of Sir Nicholas, in the silent bond between them, which was too precious in the eyes of his accomplice, to allow him to recede; and in the conversation which followed between them, all was speedily arranged for the reception of Gladice and her aunt at the manor. The lure treacherously held out to insure a ready acceptance on the younger lady's part of her guardian's proposal that they should be his guests for a few days, was simple and well-devised. The lord bishop of Ely, who, it has been already said, was Gladice's distant kinsman, and had shown some kindly interest in her in the earlier days of her orphanhood, was known to be now on his progress as legate of the Holy See, in great state according to his wont, and to be daily expected in his own diocese of Ely. Owing to this family connection, he was not unknown to Sir Godfrey de Burgh; and nothing was more probable than that, when he made his formal visitation of the Abbey of St. Mary at Rivelesby, he might turn aside by the way to accept the ready hospitalities of Ladysmede. The repute of Sir Godfrey's manner of life there, if it had reached his

ears, was indeed scarcely such as should have encouraged the visit of any dignitary of holy church, unless, indeed, he was so zealous a prelate as to embrace such an opportunity to rebuke a host of evil life at his own table; which, had Sir Godfrey been the object of it, might have been more likely to have added a martyr to the church than a penitent. But the realm had no such prelate in William Longchamp. Jovial in his humor, and magnificently prodigal in his habits, he was little likely to utter an anathema at a feast, unless it was evoked by the quality of the viands; and so long as the entertainment was to his mind, would have wasted no scruples on the morals of his entertainer. The objection which the churchman might really have found to the sojourn which had been thus imagined for him at Ladysmede, would have been the insufficiency of its accommodations to receive the numerous retinue of followers of all ranks and descriptions, who ministered either to his pomp or his pleasures, and made his visits more like the progress of a sovereign prince than an apostolical mission.

Their plans having been so far settled, it remained only to put them at once into execution; and Sir Godfrey, having fortified himself with another draught from the flagon, sent to summon Raoul to his presence to be the bearer of his message, early on the following morning, to the tower of Willan's Hope.

"Were it well, think you," said the Crusader, when the serving-man had gone in search of the young esquire, "to trust that boy on such a business?"

"I have none that I may trust better," replied de Burgh, abruptly; "my knaves are wont usually to do my bidding."

He was in no pleasant temper with himself or his companion; and if he felt that there was some force in the Crusader's hint, he was possibly for that very reason the less inclined to adopt it. He had submitted to dictation quite sufficiently within the last half-hour.

"There is some precaution to be used, remember," continued le Hardi in as indifferent a tone as he could assume—for he understood the other's humor; "would not Gundred, your chamberlain, have served better at this time?"

"Gundred I might trust well enough, for that matter; but I hardly choose to use him in my errands to ladies of such pretensions. There is no risk of any suspicion in such a

simple thing; or if there were, the sight of his face at Willan's Hope would go far to raise it. Raoul is young, but he is honest."

"Is he the surer messenger for that?" asked Sir Nicholas; but he saw his companion's obstinacy, and spoke in so low a tone, that Sir Godfrey appeared not to hear the question. The other played with his sword, and was silent until the young esquire made his appearance.

His master gave him his charge in a few brief words, for he knew that the youth himself had wit enough to translate the invitation liberally into courteous language. When he had finished his instructions, and Raoul, having duteously signified his perfect comprehension of them, was about to withdraw, Sir Godfrey, looking at the Crusader, and speaking as if from an after-thought, with a clumsy attempt at a careless tone which betrayed embarrassment even to his young follower's unpractised ear, added as he turned away—

"You will let it be understood at Willan's Hope that Sir Nicholas parts from us to-morrow; we have prayed him in vain to tarry until my lord of Ely's arrival. It is so, I fear?"—he turned an appealing look towards his guest, which Raoul followed with his eyes.

"It must be so," said Le Hardi; "my business in other parts will brook no delay."

"Be sure that you make this understood, in the discharging of your message," continued the knight of Ladysmede; there are especial reasons why I would have the Lady Elfhild know it."

Raoul's open boyish face might have expressed some sort of puzzled doubt and surprise, for he was fully aware of the arrangements made for their visiting the Abbot of Rivelshy with all due state on the morrow, and had heard that very day from Dubois, that Sir Nicholas' departure would not take place until the week following; this sudden change of plan awoke at once in his mind a strange and undefined suspicion; but it consisted neither with his duty nor inclination to trouble himself more than he could help with his master's secrets; he had nothing to do but to bow his acquiescence, and to quit the chamber.

"The lad will do his errand well enough, you see," said Sir Godfrey, with a short laugh which expressed his own relief from some

misgiving—"better than if he had been over-cautioned, or over-trusted."

"Probably; I trust he will, for his sake and for ours," replied Le Hardi, who had marked the uneasy look upon the young esquire's countenance.

At the foot of the great stone stairs Raoul met the Italian. There had sprung up of late something of a more friendly intercourse between the two than any other of the household was inclined to venture upon with the chaplain. Raoul at least did not seem to share the scarcely concealed dislike and dread with which he was so generally regarded; and the sardonic smile and cutting tone which commonly seasoned his communications with others, were softened into almost a playful jest when he encountered the fearless smile of the gay young esquire. Raoul would have passed him by now without more than a silent recognition; but even the slight cloud on that open brow attracted at once the chaplain's observant eye. He turned, and passed some brief light railery upon it, in something like the gentle voice he had been wont to use to Giulio. And though Raoul, not now disposed for conversation, would have gone on his way with a careless answer, the Italian, who knew that he had just come from Sir Godfrey's presence, impelled either by curiosity or by some stronger motive, proceeded to question him upon the subject.

"Sir Nicholas quit Ladysmede to-morrow, say you?" he asked in a tone of surprise, after listening with fixed attention to the details of the interview, for Raoul saw no reason for concealment—"your ears have surely played you false?"

"Nay, that may hardly be," replied the esquire—"for I had special charge to make it known at Willan's Hope."

"Ha!" said Giacomo, while his keen eyes left the youth's face, and seemed to search into the wall beyond him. "Tell me, young friend—for I saw Dubois talking with you, and youth is ever curious in such matters—how did Sir Nicholas speed in his wooing to-day?"

"I know not, nor care," answered Raoul shortly.

"I think peradventure I could tell," replied the Italian. Then changing his tone and laying his hand on the youth's shoulder with a familiar gesture most unlike his usual bearing—"Say, Raoul, wouldst rather do the Lady

Gladice a kindness or a mischief? answer me truly."

Raoul started and reddened at the abruptness of the question, but he answered with boyish vehemence, as he drew back a step from his companion,—"Why ask me such a question, father? the veriest churl even in our graceless company might give you an answer; he dare not call himself man who would harm her by a careless word; he is no true gentleman who would grudge his life to do her service."

"Gallantly spoken!" said the priest; "so youth speaks always, before the rust and canker and battering wear of life eats into the bright metal that rings so loud and true." The smile with which he looked into the boy's glowing face had no trace of mockery or bitterness. "If my lips were made for blessing, I would pray heaven to grant you to die young!"

"I shall scarcely make bold to ask your prayers, father, if they go to that tune," said Raoul, trying to rally under cover of a light word, from a confused consciousness of his enthusiasm.

But the chaplain's present mood was earnest. Laying his hand again upon the young esquire's shoulder—"If you would match fair words with fair deeds," said he, "you will bear your lord's message to Willan's Hope, so far as it is a truthful one, but without coupling with it that which he knows, and I know, to be a falsehood. Sir Nicholas leaves not so suddenly; he waits to urge here, under her guardian's roof, a suit which he already knows to be distasteful to the Lady Gladice."

"How!" exclaimed Raoul, his first vague suspicion strengthening rapidly as he listened to the chaplain. "Would you have me believe that Sir Godfrey is seeking to palm a falsehood upon her?"

"I say not what Sir Godfrey seeks; I only warn you that the message which you bear, so far as it touches Sir Nicholas, is a false one; that much at least I know of a certainty. As to the object of it, it is true I do but guess. You or any other may judge whether or no I guess truly."

Perhaps because the interpretation confirmed his own misgivings—perhaps because there was an emphasis of truth in his companion's tone—perhaps because the young act rather from feeling than calculation, Raoul never doubted the good faith of Father Gia-

como for a moment. All the evil stories which he had heard of him were of no weight against his own instinctive conviction that he spoke and meant honestly now. After a moment's thought he turned short round, and before the chaplain could have checked him, even had he understood his intention, ran up the stairs, and presented himself again in Sir Godfrey's chamber. The knight had warmed himself with wine, and was in better humor now with himself and those about him; and though he stared with some surprise at Raoul on his hasty re-appearance, he greeted him with a bluff graciousness.

"What seek you here again, most trusty squire?" he demanded; "now, prithee, do not let me count thee one of those unprofitable messengers that need to have their tale told them thrice at the very least before starting, and then bring the half of it home again undelivered."

"I am here to say, Sir Godfrey, that I pray to be excused doing this errand," Raoul began, agitated and out of breath, with the flush coming and going in his face—"I will ride for you night and day, as I am bound to do, in any other matter; but indeed—indeed—so please you to put some one else on this service—I may not do it."

"What?" exclaimed Sir Godfrey, when the boy paused, too much astonished to interrupt him sooner—"what!" It was but a simple word, but the voice and glance gave it a fearful emphasis.

"I cannot do it, Sir Godfrey," said the esquire again, pale as ashes, but in a firmer tone.

The knight's face grew purple with rage; he rose from his seat, stepped one great stride to where the boy stood, and struck him in the face with the back of his open hand so fiercely, that he fell staggering back against the wall of the apartment, and the blood gushed in a stream from his mouth and nose.

Sir Godfrey watched him until he had recovered his footing, and seemed inclined to repeat the blow. Half-stunned and reeling from its effects—for many a stalwart man had gone down before that back-handed stroke of Sir Godfrey's—Raoul spat the blood from his mouth, and felt for the hilt of the short sword at his girdle. The Knight of Ladysmede was unarmed, for he had laid his own weapon on the table where he had sat. But Le Hardi saw the boy's movement, and springing up,

placed himself between them, just in time to prevent him from making a mad spring upon his master.

"Out of my path, Sir Nicholas," said his host, "if you would not anger me past my patience! This gentle youth seeks further correction, it seems, and he shall have his fill of it. Stand from between us, I say!"

But the Crusader maintained his position, though he seemed to feel it to be no very pleasant one. Cursing Raoul for a young fool, while he held him back with one arm not without some difficulty, he expostulated at the same time with de Burgh on the unseemliness of such a quarrel. His words might have had but little effect, when at that moment Dubois entered the chamber so opportunely, that although he began to address himself to Sir Nicholas with some ordinary message, it seemed probable that the loud and angry voice of de Burgh had been heard below, and that the esquire anticipated some quarrel between that knight and his master.

"Here, Dubois!" cried Sir Nicholas, gladly availing himself of his appearance; "take this mad boy out of his lord's presence; there will be bloodshed else."

Raoul struggled indignantly in the Gascon's grasp, and had half-drawn his weapon; but Dubois was too strong for him. Twisting the boy's arms behind him until he writhed with the pain, and a subdued cry escaped him, he dragged him towards the door, while the Crusader still interposed his own person between Sir Godfrey and the object of his violence.

"Let him be punished, de Burgh, as he right well deserves; but this violence is needless—nay, worse than needless," he continued, in a lower tone, as the Gascon, finding that Raoul still gave him some trouble in forcing him through the narrow doorway, shouted to some of those in the hall below for assistance.

De Burgh contented himself with exploding the rest of his fury in imprecations, while two or three of his serving-men ran up from below; and Raoul, the first storm of his boyish passion over, desisted from his useless struggles, and stood a prisoner in panting and indignant silence.

"What shall they do with him, Sir Godfrey?" asked the Crusader, anxious, as it seemed, to put an end as speedily as possible to this scene of undignified violence; "he is mad o' the sudden, methinks."

"Bind him hand and foot, and lodge him safe in the Falcon tower. This pretty youth has been too daintily fed here, and the hot, young blood grows malapert upon us: a little cooler diet—or, indeed, some two or three days' wholesome fasting—is sound leechcraft for such disorders. Body of me! but he was marvellous ready with the steel. He comes of a strain much akin to mine own in that respect."

"There was mischief enough in him," said Le Hardi. "I thought he would have struck at me, when I balked him."

"I could almost wish you had not," replied his friend, his angry features relaxing into a grim smile; "I would have risked a few ounces of blood to have seen his spring. 'Tis as well as it is, though; for my eye and hand are hardly what they once were."

"I do not commonly choose to see a man stabbed before my face," said Sir Nicholas; "but since you profess an especial fancy for it, I will hardly spoil sport for the future."

"Nay, nay, sir champion; I am behoven to you in my most gracious thanks; and so is the youth too, maybe, for that matter. But what, in the fiend's name, put him upon such a wild fancy as to cavil at my orders?"

"You had best learn that from himself, when his blood has had time to cool; better still, perhaps, if you had waited to make that inquiry at the first. There is surely something in this which it were well for us to know before we move further."

Sir Godfrey made an impatient movement; but he was conscious that it was not the first time that his own violent temper had disconcerted his plans.

"Enough for the present," he said. "I am hot, Sir Nicholas; let us forth and taste the evening air."

CHAPTER XV.

THE GUEST-HALL.

If a stranger had entered the lofty guest-hall of Rivelaby about an hour after noon on the following day, he would have seen around him nothing that betokened the shifts of a failing exchequer. A prudent economy was not one of Abbot Martin's qualifications for government. Spending but little upon his own simple needs or pleasures, he was magnificent in all that concerned the hospitalities of his station. The Scripture rule which enjoins upon the overseers of Holy Church to be careful to entertain strangers, was one

which he conformed to cordially—rather, we must fear, in accordance with his own liberal nature, than in consequence of any conscientious study of the apostolic injunction. It had been enforced upon him, indeed, at his consecration as abbot; but it required an acuter ear for church Latin than the new made dignity possessed, to follow, with any comprehension of its meaning, a long service in that language, chanted in a low, nasal tone—for the prior was a very indifferent performer; and as to having ever seen it in its original context, posterity will not judge too hardly of the excellent abbot, who had exchanged the sword for the breviary so late in life, if it be honestly confessed on his behalf that his personal acquaintance with the sacred writings was mainly confined to the Psalter and the Gospels. Let us hope he might have been as good a Christian as if he had read—or even written—a whole treasure house of scriptural controversy, and yet have missed the spirit of a little child.

Too noble to make any pretence to a wealth which he did not possess, he was also too proud to measure his hospitality—as he wisely might have done—by his resources. Rich and poor, in bygone days, had ever been wont to talk of the bountiful cheer of Rivelaby. Heaven knows whether they who maintained it there sought, for their reward in so doing, the praise of men: if they did, they scarcely found it. Already the inquiring secular mind had begun to ask, was this indeed the religious life?—were these the followers of the fishermen of Galilee? And those who went full-fed from their noble banquets, but were never present at their fasts and vigils, denounced their entertainers with oaths as “gluttonous men and wine-bibbers,” and insinuated that revelling and drunkenness were amongst the rules of the cloister. Nay, even from among themselves men had already gone forth, by a natural reaction, who interpreted in its boldest sense the other side of the great commandment, and loudly professed that the riches of the monastic houses were in themselves a snare of the Evil One, and that the only true religion was poverty. And though young Wolfert should live to a hundred, and compress the results of whole days and nights of study into his “*malleus canonicorum*,” the hammer was never to be forged that should crush the schism in the religious household.

To-day, of all others, the abbot was deter-

mined that nothing should be lacking to maintain his state on something like its old scale of magnificence. Not to such guests as Le Hardi and de Burgh would he betray the barrenness of an impoverished house. Not if it should cost him the last free manor of his abbacy, and he himself—as he once of late entertained the idea—should take up scrip and staff for the Holy City, and leave the revenues of his office at nurse under the administration of the prior. Guests of such rank as those who were to-day expected fell to the share of the superior to entertain out of his private purse, and were by no means to be a burden or a detriment—so the rule of their house was worded—to the revenues of the general body. So that although Gervase the kitchener raised his eyes and shrugged his shoulders with a professional horror of such extravagance (as it must needs seem to one who well knew the abbot's embarrassments), and even ventured a respectful word or two as to the cost, he could go no further in the way of remonstrance in a case where he was not responsible, and which concerned the abbot alone. Nathanael of Cambridge—who travelled with a single lean Israelitish follower on a mule which the abbot's horse-boy swore it was a disgrace to hold, yet was said to have wealth enough to buy up Rivelaby, monks and all, if they had been purchasable commodities—had returned home that morning attended as he came by two armed retainers of the monastery, an escort which he always claimed on such occasions (charging thus the expenses of the transaction, like modern money-lenders, upon his clients). That useful but much-abused man had carried back with him in his capacious bags, besides store of the convent's valuables under which his ill-fed sumpter-mule winced and groaned, certain small slips of parchment which added little to the bulk of his acquisitions, but which he hoarded nevertheless very carefully in his strong chest at home, for the abbot's signature thereto was money's worth, as he well knew; they had been the result or a long private interview on the previous evening. He left behind him, it is true, some heavy bags of good English silver coin, and a sprinkling of the gold pieces of France and Italy; but to name the exorbitant interest which was demanded and freely promised for such accommodation, despite the excellent securities above mentioned, would be only to

stimulate the evil cupidity of gentlemen of his profession at the present day,—or to break their hearts with envy at the then state of the money-market.

Such a reckless contempt of cost, such an utter ignoring of the state of his exchequer, did the abbot manifest on this occasion, that Gervase and the chamberlain, when they consulted together in carrying out their superior's lavish orders, would have come to the conclusion (there being neither share-markets nor joint-stock banks in existence) that Abbot Martin was either demented, or had lighted upon a buried treasure; but the vision of Nathanael and his parchments had only just passed from before their eyes, and with pious resignation they accepted the chastisement which Heaven had sent them, in giving them a ruler whose extravagance would soon complete the ruin which Abbot Aldred's weak nepotism had begun; for although the common accounts were kept distinct from those of the abbacy, all felt themselves nearly concerned in the difficulties and disgrace which might be the result of their superior's private involvements, and which could not fail to recoil in some way upon the dignity and the fortunes of the house itself. Nay, the chamberlain,—a distant kinsman of the departed abbot, who, if that excellent relative had lived another year, would have had his turn for some of the higher appointments which his merits deserved,—went so far as to draw a comparison between the two wasteful stewards to the disadvantage of Abbot Martin.

"Our dear departed father," said he, "was an easy man about leases, it must be confessed, but it was all in favor of his own kith and kin whereas this present lord abbot has little kindness even for an old follower—there is the Angevin, who was with him, they say, through all the wars—and what has he done for him? sends him a mess from his table once a-month, it may be; while he opens his purse-strings wide enough to feast such hawks and vultures, as I may well call them, as those who prey upon us in the king's name."

"There be little to choose," replied Gervase gloomily. Not having any connection himself with the late abbot, he did not see the force of the argument so clearly.

"I never heard that this abbot acknowledged kin of any degree with any man or woman," continued the chamberlain, returning to the attack; "yet it is said, and may

well be believed, that he is of knightly family. Who is this child he hath brought here among us, thinkest thou, brother?"

It was a question which had often been secretly discussed among the brethren of St. Mary's; but it was put rather abruptly at this moment. Gervase turned off, and wisely replied, "I never concern myself with other men's matters, having trouble enough with my own;" and so went his ways to the kitchen.

Hovering about the kitchen entrance—a locality which he much affected, though against all rule—he found the sub-prior. Gervase eyed his plump face, which wore a more beaming smile than usual, with no great cordiality, and was passing on to his duties; for Brother Simon's conversation was of that kind which to a pre-occupied companion is rather irritating than improving.

"Busy this morning, excellent Brother Gervase?" said Simon, whose rank in the house gave him some little right to speak patronizingly, which he was innocently prone to take advantage of.

"I am always busy, reverend sub-prior," returned Gervase, shortly but punctiliously.

"I would I were," sighed Brother Simon. It was a point on which the kitchener felt unusually inclined to agree with him; but as an answer to that effect would scarcely have sounded respectful, he made none.

"Twelve of us are bidden to the abbot's table to-day," resumed the sub-prior cheerfully. "I hear there shall be great doings."

"There will be no lack of guests," said Gervase.

"Who are invited, then, besides the knights from Ladysmede? we are scarce as much in the abbot's confidence in such things as we might reasonably be."

"There is the old knight of Ravenswood and his two sons, Sir John de la Mere, the Prior of Cottesford and some three or four of his house, young Foliot of the Leys, and two or three besides."

"And there is to be a *caritas* of pork and hydromel for all the brethren in the refectory," said the sub-prior; "I may say this much for our abbot, let who will say nay; he does not care to feast himself, and let others fast the while."

"Ay—we grow jovial under our troubles; we should all live royally, I take it, if his majesty would only be pleased to exact a

loan from us about once a-week. I have not had so much money in hand since I have been kitchener." And escaping during a yawn of Brother Simon's, Gervase went his way.

The kitchener had been furnished by the abbot with ready money wherewith to lay in all such supplies as might besit a banquet of more than ordinary splendor; and a few small gratuities judiciously distributed amongst the tenants of the abbey estates (for Gervase was as honestly careful of the abbot's money as if it had been his own), had brought in, during the early hours of morning, samples of fowl and fish of a very superior quality to those which had drawn forth his unfavorable criticisms on the previous afternoon; and soon, deep in consultation with cooks and confectioners, he forgot his indignation at the abbot's lavish orders in his zeal to do his own office with credit to the house. If the outlay must needs be made, at least, he thought, there should not be the unpardonable extravagance committed of paying dear for an indifferent dinner.

So the tables were duly spread in the guest-hall, and habited in his apparel of state, with the principal officers of his house grouped around him, Abbot Martin sat in his high chair in the chapter-house, awaiting the introduction of his noble guests. On few men did the external dignities of his office sit so gracefully and so well. His powerful and well-built frame had all a soldier's upright and fearless bearing, while his open, kindly face, if it bore few traces of the thoughtful student or the mortified recluse, had something of the loving paternal expression which well suggested the ideal of such a relationship towards the community over which he presided. The first of the invited guests who was presented to him was Waryn Foliot, in a richer dress than he was wont to affect, but such as became the dignity of his host no less than the rank of the wearer. There was a low murmur of approving criticism amongst the attendants who lined the doorway and the lower part of the room, when, after the first glance, they recognized under the rich velvet mantle the young student who was so well known and loved as the present representative of his house; and he did not suffer in their estimation, because a flush of natural modesty passed over his features as he walked alone up the room to where the abbot sat awaiting him.

"Welcome now as ever, Waryn," said the superior, as he rose to greet him; "but you are a rare guest amongst us: the cloister is dull enough, it may be granted, for young spirits like yours: yet, for your father's sake, I would that we met oftener."

"I take shame to myself, father, that it should be my fault of late; but you know that I have much to do since my return from Paris."

"You shall have my pardon for the past, if I may take your pledge for amendment in the future," said the abbot, laying his hand on Foliot's shoulder with a kindly smile; "and my old friend Sir Marmaduke, and young Sir Alwyne? they were well, I trust, when you had news of them last?"

"The knight who is sojourning at Ladysmede gave me a good report of them," replied Waryn; "but tidings from over sea, good lord abbot, come slow and seldom."

The prior of Cottesford and his brethren were now announced, and the abbot rose and walked half-way down the chapter-house, as a courtesy due to the churchman, who was almost of equal dignity with himself, greeting him with a punctilious deference, which the prior as carefully returned, and which might perhaps have led a shrewd observer to suspect that there lay underneath no very sound foundation of good-will between them.

The rest of the guests were already assembled, when Sir Godfrey's trumpet was heard in the quadrangle of the abbey. Abbot Martin received the two knights with more stately formality than he had thought fit to use towards the others. Seated in his chair of state—no mark of disrespect, but merely the usual privilege of a mitred abbot, which in this particular case he did not choose to forego—he welcomed Sir Godfrey with a frank yet dignified courtesy, and the Crusader with every mark of high consideration which was due to the king's messenger and the champion of the cross. The sum demanded on behalf of King Richard had already been despatched to Sir Nicholas at Ladysmede by trusty hands that morning; and the abbot had added to it, as of his own free gift, a costly ring, of which he prayed his majesty's acceptance, and which, if converted into money on an emergency, might have added nearly a third to the contribution of Rivalsby. After the first compliments had passed, Sir Nicholas would have proceeded to make some ac-

knowledge of the abbot's liberality; but the churchman waved the subject aside with a few quiet words. "We have given of our poverty," said he, "not of our abundance; but you will say for us to King Richard, that he is welcome." And motioning the knight to follow him, he led the way to the banqueting-hall.

The good cheer of Rivalsby lost none of its old repute amongst those who were seated with the lord abbot at the high table on the dais. Scarcely less costly, and certainly not less bountiful, was the entertainment provided for the esquires and pages who sat below, and where Andrew the sacrist, who had volunteered to preside there, proved in himself a mine of good company. At first the guests at this lower table tried to preserve something of a respectful quiet in their tone and demeanor, such as might becom the scene of the entertainment, and the presence of their temporal and spiritual superiors; but soon the good liquor did its usual office in loosening men's tongues, and the merriment rose higher and higher, unrestrained by any thought of place or presence. It was at its highest when Dubois rose and quitted the table unperceived.

He paused a few moments on the steps of the guest-hall, until he was joined by two serving-men who might have been seen for some half-hour past lounging carelessly in the neighborhood; and then led the way, as one to whom the locality was well known, to the foot of the turret-stair which communicated with the abbot's chamber. Motioning to the men to wait below, he himself ascended with a quiet and confident step, without causing the least alarm or suspicion in the minds of one or two ancient monks who, for want of better occupation, were lazily watching his movements. As he had expected, he found the outer door unsecured, and boldly entered the apartment. It was empty. He passed into the smaller chamber occupied by the chaplains, but both were with their superior in the guest-hall. He noticed by the side of the abbot's couch a little pallet which had no doubt been occupied by Giulio, but it was evident that the child was not there. Disappointed in his first object, the Gascon descended again, and boldly accosting one of the monks whom he had observed in the cloister, with such a quiet, deferential air as to make his question appear the most natural

proceeding in the world, he asked him "where he might find the little lad Giulio, for that the lord abbot had a guest who desired to see him?"

The monk, who was a very stolid specimen of his fraternity, shook his head to intimate his ignorance and indifference upon that and all other worldly subjects, and vouchsafed no further answer.

The esquire was not easily to be baffled by monk or layman. "Will it please you to show me the way to the lord abbot's stables?" he asked.

The Benedictine pointed to a gateway opposite to where they stood, but still preserved a conscientious silence.

Following this direction, Dubois found his way without difficulty into the stable-yard. Nothing could be more natural than that a careful esquire should see that his master's horseboys were not hanging about the abbey buttery upon such an hospitable occasion, instead of busying themselves in their proper duties? though few besides Dubois would have cared to quit that jovial company as early as he had done on such a service. Sir Nicholas' grooms, however, had evidently not been seduced from their post; for the esquire found them all in the stalls with their respective charges, and the steeds gave every token of having been fed and tended carefully. What might seem more strange, some five or six, including Dubois' own, stood ready saddled, and their attendants sprang to their heads as soon as the Gascon made his appearance.

He raised his head warningly. "No need yet," he said.

He turned from the door of the building where the train from Ladysmede had found their quarters, and cast what seemed a careless glance round the ample court. A man moved forwards from an opposite doorway, and scarcely appearing to notice the esquire, walked slowly towards the centre of the court. But some token of intelligence had passed between them; for Dubois, moving out to join him with an indifferent air, and addressing him with some trifling question while he was still within earshot of the others, had no sooner reached a spot where they could speak without being overheard, than the two conversed for a few moments in low but earnest tones.

Dubois returned to the stables with the

same deliberate step. Then might have been remarked a slight impatient movement of his hands, but his saturnine features seldom betrayed any change of emotion.

"You may unsaddle again, Hubert," said he quietly, "we shall not be moving yet; I will commend ye to the cellarer for honest men that have been at their work whilst others were drinking—he will see that ye lose little thereby."

Leaving the stable court, and dismissing the other servant-men who were waiting his orders, the Gascon walked back to the guest-hall where the company were still seated. He resumed his place among them, while all were too well engaged to question who went or came; and if he had missed any part of his share of the drinking, he took care that the loss should be repaired. Nor was he slow in contributing to the talk that went round; and soon two or three sections of the noisy audience whom each determined storyteller was trying to claim to himself, transferred their willing attention to Dubois, as he narrated with much quiet art and some embellishment the feats of Christian and Paynim in the Holy Land.

The superior had risen from table, and was conversing with Foliot apart; the serious business of the evening was over, for Abbot Martin was not a man to encourage or permit, so far as he could exercise control over his guests, any rude debauch within his walls, though Sir Godfrey and the old knight of Rivenswood still lingered over their cups, and swore at each other confidentially; lute and rebeck sounded through the vaulted chamber, and the guests were walking or discoursing in groups of two or three; the sacrist, having condescended long enough to play his part as host, which he had done to admiration, at the humbler table, had joined his brethren on the dais, and was repaying, in very superior coinage, one or two of the younger knights who, like ill-conditioned youth in all ages, had been bantering some of the graver churchmen to their own intense satisfaction; when Dubois took the opportunity to catch the eye of his master, and the two withdrew together into the recess of one of the side-windows, and conversed apart.

"The bird is flown again, Sir Nicholas," said his esquire.

"Whither?"

"I cannot learn that," replied Dubois;

"but I have been rightly informed thus far; he was here so late as yesternight."

"Pest on it," said the Crusader; "your caution must have been at fault, Dubois; this churchman bids fair to outwit us all; can you be sure, think you, that your informant is not bent upon playing a double game, and earning wages from both sides?"

"I think not," replied the esquire quietly; "he seems to me to be dealing honestly enough."

"Honestly?" said Le Hardi with a sneer—"Well—there are many interpretations to that text. But you can surely learn something further in the matter, unless your southern wits have grown rusty upon our coarse English fare."

"English fare is good enough," replied the Gascon, "though, saving your worshipful presence, their wits are none of the keenest. I shall speedily learn more, if you will please to give me time."

"Time is too dear for a gift, Dubois—take as little of it as may suffice for your purpose. Sir Godfrey knows nothing of this?"

"Not from any word of mine, Sir Nicholas; I reckon that the lord abbot's bidding him here to-day hath stilled any suspicion he might have had of his harboring the boy. Gundred has been forth making inquiry in other quarters, if I guess right; and it seems to me that Sir Godfrey does not care to have it generally known that he is over-anxious about the child's recovery. I heard him jesting with the chaplain, a day or two since, as if it were more the priest's business than his."

"Think of it as if it were so, Dubois, and so speak, if you speak at all. But it were worth much to me—and to you—if we had him once in safe hands—I mean in our own—over sea, for example. Do you need money? for these things are ill-managed without."

"I am provided for the present," said the esquire; "I never pay my workmen beforehand."

"Right," said the knight with a smile; and seeing others approaching them, he gave him some short order to get to saddle, and so they parted.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE FALCON TOWER.

POOR Raoul lay in the Falcon tower. It was a building which stood alone, at one angle of the court-yard, and owed its erection to

Sir Hugh, of evil memory. Strange stories, true and untrue, were told about it. A miserable wife, as some said,—an uncompliant mistress, according to others,—had lingered out some years of wretched life there, and had her prison door opened at last by death. Good Sir Rainald and Sir Miles, while Ladysmede was theirs, kept their falcons in the upper story of the tower, and their dogs in the chamber below; but Sir Godfrey had provided a new building, more airy and commodious, for these important favorites, and relegated the old tower to something like its original uses, by repairing the fastenings of the heavy oak door, and renewing the grating to the single narrow window, the only refurnishing which was required to make the lower chamber a very passable dungeon; and hither such refractory dependents as in Sir Godfrey's eyes required penal discipline were transferred for a longer or shorter season. This latter question was decided usually by the uncertain rule of the knight's capricious temper, occasionally by accident. To do him no injustice, the term was seldom long. If the punishment had been carried out according to the letter of the sentence which was fulminated against them at the moment, rotting in chains, and lingering starvation, would have been the ordinary means of paternal correction administered at Ladysmede; but Sir Godfrey reserved an unlimited power of mitigation, and after a few days, or weeks at the furthest, was wont to inquire about the missing prisoner, and welcome him back to the noisy liberty of the household, with a curse or two by way of caution.

The fate of one unfortunate man-at-arms, however, who had been placed in durance there for some trifling misdemeanor, had come very near to add another tragical tale to its legends. Sir Godfrey, after dealing out fearful anathemas against any one who should presume to visit him or give him food or drink, had ridden off to some jousts at a distance, and left the poor wretch under his terrible proscription. It was in the early days of the knight's succession to the inheritance, and the retainers who were left behind had already learned to dread his fury, without understanding his rapid changes of temper; and none ventured to contravene the order, cruel as it was. Besides, the man was but a Fleming, after all; and his sufferings were a matter of comparative indifference to true-

born Englishmen. Fortunately for himself, the Fleming was a very old campaigner, and had had great experience in the ways and means of eking out a limited commissariat during a six months' siege in Angers. There were rats in large families settled in the honeycombed old walls; and when the unhappy prisoner's groans for help, which had been heard by those who ventured occasionally to approach his place of confinement, ceased after a while, it was charitably supposed that he had either been eaten by them, or died of starvation. But at length their lord returned after an absence of some three weeks, and suddenly at table after supper inquired for his victim, and showed the sincerity of his compunction by some strong execrations upon the fools who had too faithfully observed his orders; when lo! upon inquisition being made, out walked the Fleming, haggard and thin, but able and willing to stick his long knife then (as he took an early opportunity of doing afterwards, but not quite deep enough) into the man who had been considered most responsible for his safe keeping. The rats had not eaten *him*; quite the contrary; and though it was not very safe to question him upon the particulars, he was heard to swear more than once that he had lived much harder in Angers the last fortnight before the capitulation.

Raoul, then, lay in the Falcon tower. Not fettered hand and foot, as a strict interpretation of the knight's orders would have required; that painful indignity even Gundred was willing to spare him; for the gay, free-spoken esquire was a favorite, more or less, with all. But he was fastened to the wall by a chain which locked both hands, though it allowed them tolerable liberty of motion.

Sir Godfrey had strictly forbidden all access to the prisoner until he himself should have visited him; but there had been no positive prohibition as to food and drink, though Gundred declared that he held that to be included. Baldwin, who loved the youth as well as if he had been his younger brother in blood as well as in arms, had acted upon the more merciful interpretation, and had handed in through the window-bars, in the dusk of the evening, a horn of wine and a manchet; so much he would have been ready to risk for him, even in defiance of Sir Godfrey; but he obeyed him so far as to hold no communication with him. The cause of his disgrace

was a mystery to all the household; for none of them had been present, and Raoul, burning with mortification and insulted pride, had preserved an obstinate silence from the moment he had submitted to be treated as a prisoner. A single word of thanks for the supply which his brother esquire had brought him, and which he would probably have refused from almost any other hand, was all that had passed his lips.

None saw the bitter tears of shame and anger with which the poor boy wept himself into an unquiet sleep, and none knew how chilled and dispirited, the hot excitement of his passion over, he awoke in the early morning. The sun at last made his way through the loop-hole, half-blocked with its iron bars, which gave him but grudging admittance, and the busy sounds of life awoke in the manor-yard. The morning hours passed on, but no one came near his place of confinement. He applied himself to the food which he had left untouched the night before, and thus somewhat warmed and refreshed, the boy's elastic spirit rose again. The feeling uppermost in his mind, when he was able to gather his thoughts into shape, had nothing in it of shame or regret for his own rash attempt, or fear of its possible consequences; he looked upon himself as the offended person, and upon Sir Godfrey as the offender; and sitting there fettered to the wall, he judged and sentenced him in his heart with unrelenting severity. That brutal blow had stirred passions in his young breast which he had never felt before. Once, indeed, on a former occasion, for some trifling neglect of his duties, Sir Godfrey had applied a riding-wand to his shoulders pretty sharply; but then Raoul knew that he had been to blame: besides, that was a year ago; he was a boy then, and could submit to a boy's punishment with brave good humor; but now! an esquire-at-arms, of gentle blood, to be struck like a hound, such a felon blow as that, in the presence of a stranger knight! and for what a cause! for refusing to bear a false message to a lady! At that thought his heart seemed to swell within him well-nigh to choking.

Such a frame of mind was little likely to help him to bear his imprisonment with patience. During what remained of daylight on the previous evening, he had been too utterly overwhelmed with a proud humiliation to take much notice of external objects. But

now, as he looked round the walls of his prison in the full morning light, his whole soul was concentrated on the intense desire to escape. His hands had been left sufficiently free to enable him to make use of them, and he wearied himself for some time in wild and desperate exertions to wrench out the strong iron staple to which he had been secured. Finding this of no avail, he next contrived, with some difficulty, to raise his head to the level of the loop-hole, some two or three feet above him, through which his friend Baldwin had lowered the supplies, and found that it did not look into the courtyard of the Manor, but into the open meadow-land outside. Having thus made out the bearings of his position, his next business, which provided him with occupation and amusement for some hours, and was very useful in restoring him to something of a calmer temper, was to collect from the broken and uneven floor all such stones and rubbish as lay within his reach, so as to form a step upon which he could partially rest, and so make the loop-hole a post of observation. In this labor he was very much assisted by the fact that some painstaking predecessor in these quarters had employed himself for many days in grubbing up the floor for the very same purpose, and that his work had been but hastily and imperfectly levelled. He succeeded so well, that by standing on tip-toe on this little mound, and resting his chin upon the embrasure, he could command a view, for some distance, of the path which sloped through the meadows down to the river. Here he kept watch, therefore, with such intervals of rest as his constrained position forced upon him, in some vague hope of help and rescue which perhaps he would hardly have entertained if he had been older. To the young, an angel from heaven, or an unexpected powerful friend on earth, seems never impossible.

So Raoul watched and waited, his eyes fixed upon the distant pathway as if along it he surely expected the wished-for deliverer must come; while in fact to him, as to many of us, his best hope of deliverance was already close within his grasp;—literally within his grasp, for if he could have thrust his fettered hand through the barred aperture of his observatory, he might possibly have clutched the draggled cock's feather in the cap of Picot. The floor of his prison was sunk lower than the ground without, and the hunter's head was

nearly level with the opening. He was too close underneath for Raoul to see him; but he heard a foot fall upon the soft greensward outside, and was waiting anxiously for the owner of it to come within his line of vision. To very few of Sir Godfrey's retainers would the young esquire have chosen to address himself in his present undignified position; and from very few, however kindly disposed towards him personally, could he have looked for more than a silent sympathy at most, while he lay under the full weight of their lord's displeasure. But a few notes of a merry whistle, which the hunter struck up as he leant with his back against the tower wall, and rested himself from his morning's walk, made Raoul's heart bound with joy and hope within him. Picot, not living within the Manor gates, was comparatively master of his own movements; if he could do nothing towards Raoul's own release, at least he could convey a word of timely warning to a quarter which, since his conversation with the Italian, had occupied a large share of the young prisoner's anxieties. Raising his head as high in the aperture as he could, he called out cautiously to the hunter by name.

"Saints preserve us!" cried Picot starting—for his nervous sensibilities were rather excitable just at present—"Who calls me?"

"It is I, my good friend—Raoul, chained like a dog in this cursed hole."

"Good lack!" said the hunter, scarcely yet recovering himself at the sound of the familiar voice—"How came ye there, Master Raoul?" For Picot had not visited the Manor since the previous morning.

"Ask the unmannered brute that calls himself my master—the fiend reward him for this and all his doings," replied Raoul, glad to vent the hoarded bitterness of his heart to any living auditor; "may the —"

"Hush, hush, I pray of thee, dear Master Raoul," said Picot, who had clambered up to the window and was looking in. There was no saying who might be listeners; and the youth's intemperate language might compromise both parties. "Tell me rather, what hast done to anger him?"

"I did but refuse to take another man's lie in my mouth," said Raoul passionately.

"I fear me much that Father Giacomo hath been corrupting thee with some of his school learning," replied the hunter; "another man's lie—Well," he continued, after a

slight pause of consideration, "there *doth* lie a difference in that, now I think on't; though a plain mind, I wot, need hardly stumble at it. I would have dealt with it all as one, as if it had been mine own."

It would have been quite impossible for the esquire to have read Picot a lecture on morality, under so many difficulties; so he contented himself with some brief commonplace about his "honor."

"Nay, if ye come to that, my bolt is shot," said Picot; "honor is a thing with which we serving-men have nought to do; it belongs to them of gentle blood, like the deer and the corn-lands. If I could see my way to a good slice of the last, Master Raoul, I could be well content to leave the honor and the hunting to my betters."

"But listen, Picot," said the esquire; "I have a boon to ask of thee."

"If it be any service a poor knave like me can do—saving my duty to my liege lord—I may promise you to do it, Master Raoul."

"Thanks, good friend—it is nought for myself at present; but I would put thee upon doing a good deed for others."

"Humph! I know not how it is," replied Picot, rather uneasily; "I am as little naturally given to good deeds as most men, I dare well say, if I know myself; but here of late I have them thrust upon me, willy-nilly. Curse me if I rightly know what a good deed is. I did somewhat 'tother day, sir squire, if I only dared to tell it thee, as queer a piece of business, I thought it, as might well be, and in villanous company. I would as soon have turned to deer-stealing as have had a hand in it; and lo, now, it was a good deed—a brave deed—a glorious deed! I might have risen to be a —" Here Picot's foot slipped from its uncertain holding in the wall, and he came suddenly to rather an ignominious conclusion.

When he was up again, Raoul took the opportunity to explain his request further.

"I seek a trusty friend—and such I know thou wilt prove, Picot—to bear a message for me to Willan's Hope, to the private ear of the Lady Gladice."

"Blessed St. Bridget!" exclaimed the hunter, nearly slipping down again in the excess of his astonishment; "is the boy mad?" He began to see now, as he thought, the secret of this prison discipline.

"Not as yet, but I may be driven so," re-

turned Raoul with an impatient oath; for besides that the accusation was not complimentary in itself, the blunt familiarity with which the hunter conveyed it rather shocked his dignity.

Picot still eyed him doubtfully through the barred loop-hole, but he thought it best in any case to humor him. "Nay, good master Raoul, I meant no offence—but what may this message of yours be?"

"He shall bear it himself," said a voice behind him.

Picot, with an exclamation of alarm, slipped from his foothold again, and, staggering backwards, found himself upheld by the arm of Father Giacomo.

"Never fear, Picot," said the chaplain, with a smile at the man's terrified face which did not add to his composure—"it were safer for me to have found thee here than Gundred; but let me have thy place for a moment." And he sprang lightly up to the window.

"So, my poor youth, you are reaping already some of the penalties of knowledge; and cursing me, doubtless, in your heart, for not letting you do your master's errand as any honest fool might have done, without questioning its particulars."

"Not so, father," replied the esquire: "if you spoke truly, as I believe, I owe you thanks rather; and if you will only let others whom you wot of, know as much as you have told me, I shall abide my time here in more contentment."

"Spoken like a hero and a philosopher," said the chaplain; "but to descend to considerations of selfish prudence, if I may touch upon such unimportant points,—you would be still better contented to go at large?"

"I would, indeed!" said Raoul, eagerly.

"Well—I rejoice to find that you have so much sound judgment remaining; for the talk in the house this morning is that you showed but little last night."

Raoul gave vent to an ejaculation of impatience.

"Nay, never heed it," continued the chaplain—"we are all mad enough by times. But none are so mad, I suppose, as to prefer chains to freedom. Take good heart, young sir; a few hours will surely see you free again."

"How?" asked Raoul.

"Sir Godfrey's humor, as you know, changes from hour to hour; I dare promise that at

my lord abbot's table to-day he will forget last evening's matters; and as some foolish words of mine have had their share in bringing this trouble upon you, I will await him on his return, and plead your cause with him; it will scarce need more than that you should ask his forgiveness, and all is done."

"His forgiveness!" cried Raoul, dashing his fettered hand against the stanchions; "he forgive me?—did you not hear, Father Giacomo, all that happened—you spoke as if you knew all?"

"I have heard, if I mistake not, five different tales—all false; the truth I partly guess at."

"He struck me! struck me on the mouth as though I had been a liar like himself Forgiveness, you said—I will never forgive him—never; I have served him faithfully, and could have loved him once—not of late, not of late—but I will never eat his bread, or do his bidding more; not if I lie here until the old tower crumbles on me!" And let not poor Raoul's heroism be questioned, though there was a tremor in his voice, and Father Giacomo, looking through the bars, saw tears.

"So now!" said the latter, turning round to Picot, "wiser doctors than myself might shake their heads over this poor youth's case; but he will hardly mend it by staying here—we must have him forth, good Picot."

"How—what?" cried the hunter, startled at being thus suddenly addressed, but with no comprehension of the other's meaning.

"We must have him forth, I say, if only for Sir Godfrey's sake; if he should send for him to his presence to-morrow, he will defy him to the death; and what chance shall your master have against such a doughty champion? on your allegiance to Sir Godfrey, Picot, I shall require your help to remove from him this dangerous enemy."

Giacomo's look and tone were so serious, that the hunter could only reply by a blank gaze of astonishment.

"You are mocking me, priest," said Raoul passionately.

"Judge no man hastily, Raoul; and when you judge, let it be by deeds, not words."

The chaplain drew from his person a small file and thin saw of highly-tempered steel, and of foreign workmanship, and trying their edge upon the stanchion of the window, showed Raoul how to use them.

"With these," said he, "an active hand

might cut through chain and hand-bolt with six hours' good work; but I give you from now until midnight—by that time a woman might do it. You, Picot," he continued, as he handed a pair of the same implements to the hunter, "must take your station here soon after dusk, and remove this bar, and a stone or so, if needful; but our caged bird here is but of slender make, and will squeeze through where you or I might stick fast till doomsday."

Picot took the tools from the Italian with the motion of an automaton.

"I will be at hand and on the watch," continued Giacomo; "there is little likelihood of any interruption; but if you hear the cry of an owl in the wall beside you, Picot, you will understand that as a signal to cease your work for a while. Now go your ways, and remember."

"Do not fail me, dear Picot," said Raoul as

the man still stood looking after the chaplain, who had passed round to the postern gate.

"What dost think of that man, Master Raoul?" said he, whispering in at the window.

"I will think thee the best friend I ever had, Picot, if I be free to-night."

"It is all for love of thee, remember, Master Raoul, if I venture it; I shall be flayed alive, an it come to Sir Godfrey's hearing."

"I will love thee all my life, dear Picot," said the esquire.

"I will do it, Master Raoul, I will do it," replied the hunter as he left the window.—

"Dear Picot,"—"worthy Picot,"—"I will love thee all my life," quoth our young esquire.—"I can never repay thy good deed," saith the lady.—"Here is gold," saith the chaplain. Marry, I am in the straight road to preferment, if I can scape the devil and Sir Godfrey by the way."

Paul Morphy, the Chess Champion. By an Englishman. William Lay, King William Street, Strand.

THE author of this little book had a very good subject, but he has not treated it in the best manner. The ease with which the young American vanquished the first players in Europe, and his wonderful feats as a blindfolded player, certainly justify some permanent record; and his victorious career would have furnished matter for an interesting volume of either of two kinds. We might have had a book for chess-players, containing a selection of Morphy's games, with an analysis of his style of play and that of his leading opponents; or we might have had a work of a higher class and appealing to a wider circle of readers, on the peculiar faculties and operations of the mind employed in chess, and the development and exhibition of these in the case of Mr. Morphy. The former, it is needless to say, could only have been written by a chess-player; the latter, to judge from the fact that there is no work of the kind in existence, in spite of the tempting nature of the subject, would have required some far rarer accomplishment. To write a book of either of these kinds obviously did not lie within the power of the author of this volume. His sole qualification appears to consist in the fact that he accompanied Mr. Morphy in some such capacity as a secretary accompanies an eminent public singer, to arrange the times and places and conditions of meeting, etc. Accordingly, the information here given concerning the chess champion is mostly of a kind that we did not want. It is the record of

a chess-player's progress, with the chess—all but the bare results of the different matches, etc.—left out. We have nothing that gives us any idea of Morphy's general play, nor a single position in any one of his games; but we are told, instead, that the writer on such a day awoke Mr. Morphy at such an hour,—that Mr. Morphy, taking too much time over his breakfast, they lost the half-past nine train and waited till the half-past one,—that Mr. Morphy was sick in crossing the Channel, but found himself better after being induced by the writer to drink some champagne,—and similar impertinent details, which, as Mr. Morphy appears from all accounts to be a very modest and sensible young man, must, we should think, be as disgusting to him as to the reader. The author, though he styles himself "An Englishman," exhibits many of the worst literary vices of our transatlantic brethren. His tone in recounting the victories of his hero is boastful and defiant; his style is vulgar and full of stale quotation. A certain warmth of advocacy might perhaps be excused by the fact that in more than one instance shuffling and evasion were practised by players of eminent name towards an antagonist whom they were, not unreasonably, afraid to meet. But the public has made up its mind on the matter, and the reproduction here of the letters and newspaper articles on the subject is needless and wearisome. Proof enough exists in the bare facts here recorded that Mr. Morphy is unquestionably the strongest known chess-player in the world. We could have wished him a better historian.—*Economist.*

From The Saturday Review.
THE SNOW FIELDS.*

ALPINE literature grows fast upon us. Mr. Coleman's work properly falls within the department of art rather than that of literature. The letter-press, spread out over less than fifty folio pages, difficult of access, is a mere attendant upon the series of chromolithographs that form the real object and merit of the work. The author may be congratulated upon a signal and well-merited success in overcoming the difficulty—long thought to be nearly an impossibility—of giving a vivid impression of the effects of ice and snow scenery of high mountains through any combination of color and design. True it is that an adequate impression of that wonderful region cannot be obtained with our available materials. How can the mild phosphorescence of the snow when faintly illuminated at morning or evening twilight, or the glistening splendor of the full sunlight, be rendered, even faintly, by any magic of contrasted shade or color? Feeling their own helplessness, artists, with hardly an exception, have renounced the attempt, and have been satisfied to throw into the background of their pictures of a snow peak, or glacier, whose distant presence has been suggested, rather than portrayed, by the liberal use of white color. It is not, however, true that in the upper region, even though no rock should pierce through the snow field, the earth shows no color but white gleaming in perpetual contrast to the deep blue of the overhanging sky. The color of water in all its states is blue. Like almost every thing else we know, when finely divided, and mixed with air, it becomes white; but it readily resumes its natural hue, and in the upper world, where hill and hollow, and even cliff and chasm, are fashioned out of frozen water, the real basis of color is blue—just as in the living world lower down, where meadow and woodland succeed each other on the mountain slopes, green is the groundwork from which whatever other color is seen detaches itself.

The great difficulty of representing the snow-fields of the Alps lay in the fact that no one had really seen them. Travellers have constantly reached them and traversed them generally intent on other objects, or bewildered amid scenes from which all accustomed objects had disappeared; but until a man with

an artist's eye, possessed of a strong sense of color, and with the skill necessary to represent what he saw, devoted himself to this single pursuit so thoroughly as to become familiar with the varied aspects of the ice-region, it was hopeless to expect that any progress could be made towards reproducing them for others. This is what Mr. Coleman has done, and to this he owes such success as he has attained. As he justly pleads, the efforts of an artist who has gone through the labor and risk of frequent visits and prolonged sojourns in the upper snow region of the Alps, entitle him to sympathy for his success and to indulgence towards the partial failure to which his work must often be exposed. To stand with stiffening feet in the soft snow, while the sun, beating down with blinding force, and reflected from countless crystalline facets, inflames the eyes and blisters every exposed portion of the skin—or else, in less favorable weather, to resist the piercing winds, charged with fine *spicules* of ice, that sweep over the plateaux of the High Alps, in spots many hours remote from rest and shelter, by a track swept by the *tourmente* and the avalanche—these are trials of courage and endurance that argue a genuine enthusiasm for the artist's chosen aim. This is surely a worthy one. This life of the High Alps, which is just now drawing to itself so large a number of active spirits among our countrymen and countrywomen, must have some special attraction of its own with which to reward its votaries. The Alpine Club cannot consist altogether of mere scramblers competing for the mountain tops as men do for the brush in the hunting field, nor yet of philosophers who climb only to observe a glass tube or a magnetic needle. If they do not impose upon the dwellers in the plain, there is a strange, mysterious charm about the ice-world that, once felt, is almost resistless. The mere sight of a snow mountain sets their nerves tingling, and they can have no rest till they find themselves once again in the actual presence of the perilous beauty that they worship. Part of the attraction for imaginative minds reests, no doubt, in the strangeness and mystery of a region that never can become common or like to the ordinary haunts of mankind. The hope of gaining some closer glimpse of the Veiled Figure of Nature is inducement enough to such minds; but irrespectively of that, the new aspect under which she is actually beheld

* *Scenes from the Snow Fields.* By E. T. Coleman. London: Longmans.

has more than enough of its own peculiar grandeur and beauty to reward the labor of those who succeed in attaining to it.

The attempt to represent this special aspect of nature so as to give to those who may never behold it for themselves some notion of its real character, and to recall past impressions to those who cling to their recollections of the hours passed in the High Alps, is an undertaking well worth the pains that Mr. Coleman has bestowed upon it. He has done enough to show that diligent and obedient study of nature, even in her strangest aspects, is sure of its due reward; and where he has failed, the fault is oftener owing to some deviation from the true principles of art than to any insurmountable difficulty in execution, or to the defects of the medium by which his drawings have been reproduced for the public. Plates ii., iv., and ix., have struck us as peculiarly good. In others of the series the blue and greenish tints of the ice are not seldom exaggerated, and every now and then it is evident to a practised eye that a still closer attention to minute details of form and structure would have prevented some occasional deviations from perfect truth and accuracy.

The dedication, and various allusions in the work, show that Mr. Coleman counts himself amongst the disciples of Mr. Ruskin. If that energetic and eloquent, but capricious and despotic teacher shall succeed in sending forth other explorers such as Mr. Coleman to carry brush and pencil into regions hitherto deemed inaccessible, and shall direct them in their pilgrimage so as by their works to enlarge the bounds of our knowledge and enjoyment

of nature, we shall feel a stronger and more practical sense of gratitude towards him than for those flights of eloquent denunciation wherein he defines with theological severity, and remorselessly consigns to perdition, every shade of art-heterodoxy—heterodoxy, as we all know, meaning every thing that, on the day and hour when he writes, is not Mr. Ruskin's doxy. Whatever be the final result of his teaching, if he may justly claim to have inspired and guided the author of *Scenes from the Snow Fields*, all lovers of the High Alps must confess their obligations to him.

Mr. Coleman's narrative, as we have said, is spread out over large folio pages, so troublesome to read that few people now-a-days will be at the pains to attempt it. The more ambitious portion, modelled on the style of his teacher, does not seem to us very successful; but his account of his own explorations on the west side of Mont Blanc is interesting, if not to the general reader, at least to the large number of travellers that watch with attention every additional inroad upon the hitherto inaccessible portions of the Alpine chain. It forms a natural sequel to the paper by Mr. Hawkins, in the book of the Alpine Club, which gave so remarkable an illustration of the persevering determination that our countrymen bring to contend against the utmost combination of physical obstacles. Less unfortunate in respect to weather than his predecessors, Mr. Coleman was able to accomplish more. If printed in a cheap and portable form, his account might find many readers that it will assuredly miss in its present condition.

THE SONG OF THE WOULD-BE MERMAN.

Under the Sea! Under the Sea!
That's where this weather 'twere jolly to be;
Under the Sea! Under the Sea!
'Twere a paradise charming to me.

In March, March, March,
London is pleasant, but in it at present

I parch, parch, parch,
And pant to be under the Sea.

Under the Sea! Under the Sea!
What bliss from the smell of the Thames to be free!

Under the Sea! Under the Sea!
'Tis there I would revel to be.

Under the Sea! Under the Sea!
How pleasant the full-bodied porpoise must lie!
Under the Sea! Under the Sea!
E'en a shrimp is more happy than I.
How I sigh, sigh, sigh,
For some good-natured fairy to carry me where I
Could lie, lie, lie
On my back in the bed of the Sea!
Under the Sea! Under the Sea!
With a mermaid to fan me, how happy I'd be!
Under the Sea! Under the Sea!
Oh, the life of a Merman for me!
—Punch.

THE OPENING ARTICLE

Of *Once a Week*, the new periodical started by Mr. Dickens' former publishers, when he stifled *Household Words*.

I.

ADSUMUS. With no pregnant words, that tremble

With awful Purpose, take we leave to come :
Yet, when one enters where one's friends assemble,

'Tis not good manners to be wholly dumb.
So, the bow made, and hands in kindness shaken,
Accept some lightest lines of rhyme, to speak
Our notion of the work we've undertaken,
Our new hebdomadal—our *Once a Week*.

II.

Of two wise men, each with his saw or saying,
Thus sprouts the wisdom those who like may reap :

"This world's an Eden, let us all go Maying."
"This world's a Wilderness, let's sit and weep."

Medio tutissimi—extremes are madness—

In Hebrew pages for discretion seek :
"There is a time for mirth, a time for sadness."
We would "be like the time" in *Once a Week*.

III.

Yet, watching Time at work on youth and beauty,

We would observe, with infinite respect,
That we incline to take that branch of duty
Which he seems most addicted to neglect ;
And while the finest head of hair he's bleaching,
And stealing roses from the freshest cheek,
We would cheat Time himself by simply preaching

How many pleasant things come *Once a Week*.

IV.

Music, for instance. There's sweet Clara Horner,*

Listening to Mario with her eyes and ears :
Observe her, please, up in the left-hand corner :
Type of the dearest of our English dears.
Our hint may help her to admire or quiz it,
To love Mozart, and laugh at Verdi's shriek,
And add another pleasure to her visit
(She shouldn't go much oftener) *Once a Week*.

V.

Come, Lawyer, why not leave your dusty smother,

Is there not wed to thee a bright-eyed wife ?
Take holiday with her, our learned brother,
And lay up health for your autumnal life.
Her form may lose (by gain), the battle pending ;
Your learned nose become more like a beak,
Meantime, you'll find some tale of struggle, ending

In clients, fees, Q. C., in *Once a Week*.

VI.

And you, our Doctor, must be sometimes wishing
For something else beside that yellow coach.
Send physic to the sick, and go a fishing,
And come back chubby, sound as any roach.

* The portrait is in the corner of the *Once a Week*.

Don't take the "Lancet" with you on the water,

Or ponder how to smash your rival's clique ;
But take your seldom-treated wife and daughter,
And bid them take three rods, and *Once a Week*.

VII.

Young Wife, on yonder shore there blows sea-breezes,

Eager your cheek to kiss, your curls to fan,
Your husband—come, you know whatever pleases

Your charming self delights that handsome man :

And you've a child, and mother's faith undoubting

That he's perfection and a thing unique,
Still, he'd be all the better for an Outing—
There rolls the wave, and here is *Once a Week*.

VIII.

This King was in his counting-house at morning,*

Counting, discounting, where stocks fall and rise ;

But now, at afternoon, his ledger scorning,
To his own vine and his own fig-tree flies.

Proud Princess Poll brings him the rich Havannah

To soothe his royal soul with pleasant reek.
Pet Princess Meg discrowns him. Princess Anna

Brings him iced drink, and straws, and *Once a Week*.

IX.

We shall have hints for him, at which he'll grumble,

"What should an author know about such things ?"

But reading on, his Majesty, more humble,
May learn—more wise than several other Kings.

When he returns to business and its rudeness,
And in Old Jewry meets a smirking Greek,
He'll wink, and say (quite proud too of his shrewdness),

"That is the rogue they sketched in *Once a Week*."

X.

Nor to the rich alone, or those who're striving
Upward for riches, is our sermon read :

To other thousands nobly, humbly, hiving
Their little stores for winter it is said.

Far easier than they dream is the transition
From the dull parlor, or the garret bleak,

To fields and flowers a beatific vision
Devoutly to be pray'd for *Once a Week*.

XI.

"The world is too much with us" for resistance
To importunities that never cease :

Yet we may sometimes bid it keep its distance,
And leave us hours for holier thoughts, and peace ;

For quiet wanderings where the woodbine flowers,

* Sorry we cannot copy the picture referred to.

And for the Altar, with its teachings meek ;—
Such is the lesson of this page of ours,
Such are the morals of our Once a Week.
SHIRLEY BROOKS.

[If Mr. Brooks had added another stanza, it might have been the following :]

XII.

Brothers ! who live across the stormy water,
And cannot read our English magazines,
More happy you, for whose Wife, Son, and
Daughter,
Little the best of all the harvest gleans !
Wisdom and Wit, from Poets, Critics, Sages ;—
Full comments on whate'er may be the
Rage,—
Crowd in the various and capacious pages
Which, once a week, are called " THE LIVING
AGE."

NIGHT AND MORNING.

So they've sent you a card, my Adonis,
For the Countess' ball of to-night ;
You fancy no fate like your own is,
No future so charmingly bright.
It costs half-a-crown for a Hansom
To go to that beautiful ball,
Though shortly a duchess's ransom
You'd give to have not gone at all.
For you dance with some lovely young creature
With a winning soft grace and a smile ;
And you dwell on each look and each feature
As if Paradise opened the while :
You clasp her slight waist in the " Dewdrop,"
Though you feel that your touch is profane,
And think that fair burthen ere you'd drop
You would die to the cornet's wild strain.
The cornet blows louder and brisker,
She grows more confiding and weak,
Her soft tresses tickle your whisker,
Her soft breath is warm on your cheek ;
And in the excitement grown bolder,
You murmur soft words in her ear,
And in blushes quite low on your shoulder
She replies that Mamma must not hear ;
Replies : " I delight in these crushes,
One can talk though the dances are full ;
You don't go next week to the duchess ?
Then I'm sure I shall find it quite dull."
But now for the next dance they're starting,
She shrinks to the chaperon's wings ;
You press the small hand in the parting,
And her eyes say unspeakable things.
You cherish for many days after
The look that so lovingly beams :
'Tis a sorrow that stifles your laughter,
'Tis a joy that is bright on your dreams.
You fancy, so lightly she dances,
Her dear little foot on your stair ;
You people with those sunny glances
A sweet little home in May Fair :
You saw that all eyes were upon her
As she moved down that glittering room,
And you fancy, when once you have won her,
How pretty she'll look in your brougham.

Oh ! visions that madly you cherish ;
Oh ! smile that was cruelly false ;
Oh ! hopes that were born but to perish ;
Oh ! dream that has fled with the valse !

When next you meet, doffing your beaver,
You look for her bow—but in vain—
The dear little ball-room deceiver
Doesn't offer to know you again.

Can it be you have flirted together ?—
Now she on her hack canters by ;
And you're not worth one wave of her feather ;
You're not worth one glance of her eye.

Then, like ships without sailors to man 'em,
Your visions seem drifting away,
And you count your few hundreds per annum,
And their fractions at each Quarter-day.

And this, when you sum the case up, is
The result (though your feelings it hurts,)
All men are self-confident puppies,
All women are frivolous flirts !
—Once a Week. R. BENSON.

GOD'S ANVIL.

Tribulation means *threshing*, and Trench,
in his excellent little treatise on the study of
words, has carried out the figure, showing that
it is only by threshing us that God separates the
wheat from the chaff. Here is a precious little
morsel which somebody has clipped from an
old paper and sent to us, credited " to the Ger-
man of Julius Sturm," and which will speak
touchingly to many a heart which has been put
into the furnace of affliction.—*Rel. Mag.*

PAIN's furnace heat within me quivers,
God's breath upon the flame doth blow,
And all my heart in anguish shivers,
And trembles at the fiery glow ;
And yet I whisper—as God will !
And in his hottest fire, hold still.

He comes and lays my heart, all heated,
On the hard anvil, minded so
Into his own fair shape to beat it
With his great hammer, blow on blow ;
And yet I whisper—As God will !
And at his heaviest blows, hold still.

He takes my softened heart and beats it ;
The sparks fly off at every blow ;
He turns it o'er and o'er, and heats it,
And lets it cool, and makes it glow ;
And yet I whisper—As God will !
And, in his mighty hand, hold still.

Why should I murmur ? for the sorrow
Thus only longer lived would be ;
Its end may come, and will, to-morrow,
When God has done his work in me ;
So I say, trusting—As God will !
And, trusting to the end, hold still.

He kindles for my profit purely
Affliction's glowing, fiery brand,
And all his heaviest blows are surely
Inflicted by a Master hand :
So I say, praying—As God will !
And hope in him, and suffer still.

From The Literary Gazette.

AMERICAN LANDSCAPE-PAINTING.

SOMEWHAT less than a year ago (*Literary Gazette*, August 21, 1858) we gave a cordial note of welcome to a young American landscape-painter, Mr. J. F. Cropsey, who had brought hither for exhibition some half-dozen views of his native scenery. We have to-day to greet with even heartier satisfaction another Transatlantic landscape-painter, but one who ventures on a larger canvas and a bolder theme. Mr. F. E. Church, the painter of the picture we have now to notice, does not, however, come for the first time to claim the plaudits or brave the censures of British criticism. Many of our readers will probably recollect a picture of Niagara which was exhibited in the City in 1857, and excited very general admiration. "The Heart of the Andes," now on view at the German Gallery, Old Bond Street, is by the painter of "The Falls of Niagara," and is of equal originality of character, but of larger size and higher artistic power.

Humboldt, in one of the most eloquent passages of his "Cosmos," points out to the young artist how "almost infinite is the field which still remains to be opened to landscape-painting," when a painter, "alive to the beauties of nature in mountain, river, or forest scenery," shall seek subjects for his pencil among "the declivities of the snow-crowned Andes, the Himalaya, or the Neilgherries of Mysore, or in the virgin forests watered by the net-work of rivers between the Orinoco and the Amazona." He trusted that he should arouse in the mind of some of his youthful artistic countrymen the same ardor that had led him to explore the untrodden forests and sublime mountain ranges of South America; and anticipating that day, felt himself justified in predicting that "landscape-painting might hereafter bloom with new and yet unknown beauty, when highly gifted artists shall oftener pass the narrow bounds of the Mediterranean, and shall seize, with the first freshness of a pure youthful mind, the living image of the manifold beauty and grandeur of nature in the humid mountain-valleys of the tropical world." His words found no response among European painters; but a young American artist read them, and we have here the first fruits of an earnest endeavor to make them a reality.

Mr. Church, as we understand, twice visited the Andes for the purposes of his art; the first time some years back, the second in 1857, and he appears to have adopted exactly the course of study Humboldt marked out,—the only course indeed by which a painter could seriously hope for success. He proceeded direct "to the true forest regions, to the upper courses of the great rivers," and towards "the summits of the mountain chains of the interior;" made numerous "colored sketches (in oil) on the spot," and "accumulated a large number of separate studies of tops of trees, of branches clothed with leaves, adorned with blossoms or laden with fruit, of fallen trunks of trees overgrown with pothos and orchidaceæ, of portions of rocks and river banks, as well as of the surface of the ground in the forest, all drawn or painted directly from nature."

The first glance at "The Heart of the Andes" satisfies the visitor of the reality of the scene. Mountains, rocks, trees, herbage, are all unfamiliar, yet you feel that they must have been copied from the very things themselves. Some surprise will probably be felt at the freshness of the verdure, the clearness of the atmosphere, and the prevalent coolness of tone; but that will pass away when it is remembered that the valley itself is some five or six thousand feet above the level of the sea, and that it lies under the very shadow of the mighty Chimborazo.

The picture measures about ten feet by five and a half, and it is finished throughout with the most painstaking conscientiousness. Considering the place it represents, the enterprise of the painter in repeating his visits to so distant and semi-barbarous a region for the sake of producing a faithful picture, the size of the work, and the care spent upon its execution, and considering further that it is the work of a painter unacquainted with European studies and academic traditions, it would claim respectful consideration, even if it failed to satisfy the requirements of the art critic. But it stands in no need of allowances on any of these points. There are some particulars in which to an eye familiar with the paintings of the great European masters of the landscape art, it would seem that a different style of handling would have produced a more satisfactory effect; but these are but few, and the prevalent feeling will be rather one of

surprise at the artist-like knowledge and technical mastery which the picture almost everywhere displays.

The scene represented is in the neighborhood of Guaranda, in Ecuador: the time an hour or two before sunset. The centre of the picture is occupied by a huge mass of the secondary range of mountains in shadow, with warm gray clouds resting on them, and enveloping some of the summits, but letting some higher peaks pierce through a break tinged with prismatic hues from a transient rain cloud. Behind, on the left, soars the lofty snow-crowned summits of the great range warmed by the rays of the declining sun. At the foot of the mountains is an Indian village of adobe huts, with a rude church. On either hand in the mid-distance are the spurs of lower mountains, clothed with primeval forests; and between them, but more broken, spread the less densely crowded woods, with, in the open space, a narrow lake and one of those strange volcanic basins so characteristic of Ecuador. Careering towards the foreground we can trace a little central streamlet, even where its waters are not seen, till flinging itself over some broken rocks, it forms a rich iris-crested cascade, and thence rushes foaming onwards till it passes out of the picture. On the near right hand we have a tangled profusion of tree-ferns and many other various but nameless trees, and a multitudinous diversity of herbs and flowers; while on the left is a rugged mule path, with on one side of it a rude crucifix, before which a couple of brightly clad Indians are offering a prayer.

Vast and varied as is the extent of country embraced, there is no want of connection between the parts nor incompleteness in the whole; and the artist and the man of science, as well as the ordinary visitor, will dwell with

delight on the fidelity of the imitation of cloud and mountain, rock and tree, and the entire absence of conventionalism and of gaudiness. The snowy mountains are drawn with singular knowledge of mountain structure; we doubt if even Stanfield, the best of our living painters of Alpine scenery, could have rendered these vast Andes with such truth and feeling. The great shadowy lower range is equal in drawing, but, through some awkwardness in the handling, not quite equal in effect, except the delicious little snatch of sunlit slope and distant peak on the right. The clouds, too, on the right are superbly painted. So is the water, all but in the immediate foreground, where it is of a disagreeable leaden hue, and the ripple is put in with a feeble and uncertain touch. The distant trees are painted with infinite care and generally with great success. Of the foreground trees, the most spirited and lifelike is the tree-fern. The luxurious herbage of the foreground, the brilliant flowers, and the scarlet-coated, tropical birds that flutter about the branches, with all the splendid colors and infinite variety of form, are painted with the utmost minuteness of detail, yet without disturbing the breadth, the general quiet tone, or the unity of the picture. In a word, it is a thoroughly honest and unaffected, yet noble and truly poetic representation of one of the grandest scenes in the world: a fine picture in itself, and, as the work of a young man, full of promise for the artist and his country. It is brought over to England, as we are informed, in order to be engraved in line. Its exhibition in New York caused no little excitement among the painter's enthusiastic countrymen; and it found a purchaser before it left the country. When will America send us an original historical, or imaginative picture of any thing like equal power?

ON 3 Aug., a deputation of gentlemen connected with the Anti-Opium Association, and others opposed to the growth of opium in India and the traffic with China, waited upon Sir C. Wood, at the India House, to urge restrictions on the trade. Sir C. Wood said that in the present financial condition of India nothing, for the present, could be done.

MESSRS. TRUBNER AND CO. announce for immediate publication a translation of Dr. Knapf's "Narrative of Missionary Residence and Travel in Eastern Africa during the years 1837-53." The author wandered, mostly on foot, over upwards of nine thousand miles, in regions seldom if ever trod by the foot of a white man.

From Chambers's Journal.

A DANGEROUS EXPERIMENT.

In the report of a Matrimonial Difference recently exhibited before the Divorce Court to public admiration, the husband was shown to have adapted from the stage to private life a singular method of regaining his wife's lost affections. He borrowed, from *The Love-chase*, the idea of writing *billets doux* to and from an imaginary young woman, and of leaving them in the way of his spouse, with the intention of provoking her to Jealousy, and by that roundabout method, to Love. The final result of which too ingenious contrivance was, that she obtained a separation.

However allowable and innocent these little experiments may be in themselves, we do not think their general adoption in domestic circles would be advisable. One instance only do we know wherein any method other than the straightforward has in the end succeeded. It is the case of a certain rich old lady, who, whenever one of her daughters gets "engaged," insists upon accompanying her and her intended upon a sort of "experimental trip," before the matrimonial one, to Switzerland or other foreign country. If the gentleman acquits himself with unselfishness and good temper amid all his trials of getting passports *viséd* and of taking care of luggage, he is permitted to carry off his prize; but if he exhibit, under any circumstances, the cloven hoof, he gets his *congé* from mamma. We are bound to say this plan has proved most successful; and, indeed, it is perhaps only, after all, a measure of extreme precaution, and cannot well be called by any harsher name.

Would it be fair to Mr. Younghusband himself, who is forbidden to smoke, or even to frequent the company of smokers, if his wife should leave a cigar-box in his study, and come in upon him unexpectedly at the second whiff, while he was leaning his body perhaps half out of window, to prevent the possibility of annoyance to her from the delicate perfume? Or would it be fair to Mrs. — But that is the very matter we are coming to, which, affording as it does a warning to all persons who are tempted to make dangerous experiments upon the virtue of their fellow-creatures, must by no means be dismissed in a paragraph.

Mr. Younghusband, although he has been married a good deal more than once, is never-

theless—singular to say—somewhat suspicious of Women. Far from being in general an admirer of Lord Byron or his opinions, he yet agrees with that poet in ascribing a very considerable influence over the softer sex to Opportunity. "If a woman sees a becoming bonnet that she knows she can never afford to buy, sir, and the milliner says: 'It's no consequence, ma'am; I can wait for the money a little while;' she'll come home with that bonnet upon her head, or in a bandbox, to a certainty. They *can't* resist it, sir, for resistance isn't in 'em."

Such being Mr. Y.'s openly expressed opinion, one would imagine that he would be the last person to have made experiments of a tentative kind upon his own better-halves—that the attraction of the earth being settled, he would not be throwing apples into the air all day to see whether they would come down or no. Such, however, we regret to say, is the fact, and even in the case of the last, that is to say the present, Mrs. Younghusband, our suspicious friend could not forbear testing her conjugal devotion. There was not, we beg to state, the very slightest ground for such a proceeding; the gentleman is a good-looking, smooth-faced personage, of peaceful appearance—being indeed a clergyman—and the lady looks up to him (he having considerably the advantage in point of years) with the affectionate reverence that is his due; they get on, in short, exceedingly well together, and he is not so addicted as so experienced a matrimonialist might be forgiven for being, to throwing at her the good-behavior of his other wives, whenever she displeases him.

It was during their wedding-tour, and while they were journeying from Bristol northward, that the idea of the unwarrantable proceeding which we are about to relate, entered suddenly into his foolish old noodle. Most persons have heard of the Box Tunnel—the largest but one, if not the largest, of the Tartarean roads for which our railways are celebrated; the ordinary Great Western speed is lessened as its trains burrow under that long hill, and only a well-like shaft at rare intervals assures the passenger that, in spite of appearances, he has not left daylight forever.

In the same first-class carriage with the Younghusbands, got in at Bath a young dragoon, hirsute and of a martial countenance, at sight of whom the wary Benedict—or Benedictissimus—thus soliloquized as they were

about to enter the tunnel: "Now will I prove my Angelina, that she loves me and only me, and that the attractions of even this handsome hero would be quite thrown away upon her." So, in the darkness and the thunder of their subterranean journey, this cunning man leaned forward in his seat—so that his face would seem to come from the opposite side where sat the soldier—and on the lip of his unsuspicious consort imprinted an experimental kiss. He was back again, and wearing an unconscious countenance as they whirled beneath the shaft, when the momentary light revealed his bride—O heavens!—as quiet, composed, and innocent of any thing having just occurred, as himself! Again this deceiver did it, again and again, as many kisses did he bestow upon her as there were shafts—as though they had been Cupid's shafts—and still the lady took them, and made neither sign nor scream. Mr. Younghusband was almost out of his mind with jealousy, and ready to tear from his head that hair among which the fingers of Time had already been gleaming. There was but a very little darkness now remaining wherein the star of Angelina's constancy might yet display itself—the space between the last shaft and the termination of the tunnel. This precious interval he employed in counterfeiting with renewed care his military *vis-à-vis*; he fortunately possessed a very long neck; and by craning round, he even succeeded in saluting the dear girl upon the cheek that was, according to their relative positions, away from him—thereby, as he imagined, placing the identity of himself with the handsome dragon beyond all question with her.

Conceive, therefore, Mr. Younghusband's excessive dismay when his Angelina, after suffering him with much equanimity to "graze"—as he subsequently expressed it, to Mrs. Y.'s indignation—for a considerable period, very quietly kissed him again. In the whole annals of love-making, there was never probably any precedent for a swain so singularly discomfited; if she had but slapped his face, he would have thanked her from the bottom of his heart. Mr. Younghusband had

often had occasion to moralize, professionally, upon the vile hypocrisy of the human family; but he had never before beheld, as he thought, so tremendous an example of it as he read in his Angelina's face when it emerged from that Box Tunnel. Had she been a Sister of Charity, who had employed herself throughout the darkness in telling her beads or saying her prayers, she could not have presented to his astonished gaze a more childlike expression of feminine innocence.

He told her to let down the window, which had been closed during the passage, in so sharp a marital tone, that the dragon looked up in chivalric pity for her, and drove Mr. Y. thereby to the confines of madness; nor was it without difficulty that he repressed his indignation until that disturber of his peace had left the carriage, and himself and his abandoned helpmate were once more alone together.

"Madam," cried he, "that fellow kissed you as we came through the tunnel, and you know it."

"But how do *you* know it?" asked Mrs. Younghusband with a comical twinkle of her eye that would have disarmed a pacha.

"And you kissed him again," continued he, in vain endeavoring to keep warm his jealous wrath.

"Only once," replied Angelina laughing—"only once and away."

It was impossible that even Mr. Younghusband could hold out any longer in his unwarrantable suspicions, so he relapsed at once into confidence and the domestic affections.

"But, Angelina, my love, *do* tell me; how did you know it was me?"

"Know?" answered she naively—"why, very easily; *it's as different as possible when a person has a moustache and when a person has not!*"

Mr. Younghusband, who had been upon the point of regaining tranquillity, was plunged once more into suspicions by this reply; but he has made up his mind to believe this, at all events—that nothing satisfactory is to be derived from any experiments of the dangerous character of the above.

From All The Year Round.

ROUGHING IT.

MR. MARBELL had a theory: a theory, that, by night and by day, he propounded to his friends, and to which, again and again, he endeavored to convert Mrs. Marbell. But the good woman was not to be convinced. Her nature warred against Mr. Marbell's logic; her tenderness replied to his first proposition; her motherly instincts rebutted his second proposition; her unfeigned indignation put down his third proposition. Mr. Marbell was a cold man; Mr. Marbell was a cold father; Mr. Marbell was a brute—more, Mr. Marbell preached what he never practised, what he would never have the courage to try in his own person. Mr. Marbell was as fond as anybody of his warm slippers by 'he fireside, his port feathered with beeswing, a hot shaving water, and his eider-down quilt.

Then why should dear little Augustus rough it? Mrs. Marbell wanted to know this—as, indeed, according to her husband, Mrs. Marbell wanted to know many things. It was the belief of Mr. Marbell that to argue with a woman was to exhibit weakness almost unpardonable; this, when Mr. Marbell found himself in that position which is popularly described as being in a corner.

Mr. Marbell being, however, the better-half, could extricate himself from his corner by the use of his natural authority. If he could not subdue and conquer Mrs. Marbell's reason, he could command her obedience. Augustus *should* rough it.

The coarsest porridge was provided for Master Augustus; the hardest bed; a nursery without a fire. Augustus must keep himself warm by exercise; exercise would make him hardy. The mother would carefully cover him with warm clothing, wind a woollen comforter about his throat, enfold his mottled legs with gaiters, protect his little dimpled hands with gloves; but the father would indignantly remove these effeminate guardians against the cold, and send the boy forth to the east wind, almost naked. Crying was put down by solitary confinement; a whimper produced a premature despatch to bed. No sweetmeats; no fruit; no happy admissions to dessert; no visits to the pantomime; no nursing upon the parental knee. Winter and summer, in sickness or in health, cold water baths without mercy. Augustus is to be

brought up to fight the world manfully. His flesh is to be hard as any mariner's; he is to breast the storm with naked bosom; to be content with the coarsest fare, and to flourish upon it. Here are a few of the regulations which are to govern the physical growth of Augustus, the Camberwell Spartan.

But his mind is to be under iron rule also. His nature is to be as hard as his flesh. With tearful eyes the mother looks up into Gussy's face, and pouts her warm mouth to meet his. She would throw her arms about his neck, nestle his little head upon her shoulder, examine fondly, finger by finger, his infant hands—hands that, according to Mr. Marbell, are to forge thunderbolts, and, easily as a pattern duke handles the ribbons, to guide the destinies. And the logic that to Mrs. Marbell lay in all this wealth of love, she would have extended to her child, to soften the adamant laws of her fierce lord—had she lived. The darkest day in Gussy's life was that on which his mother's feeble hands held his young head for the last time, and drew his fresh mouth to her own poor, bloodless lips. The boy was left alone in the world, to bear all the rigor of a father with a theory.

Most veracious is the history of young Gussy. We saw the miserable little Spartan day by day, roughing it. On bleak November mornings, when the leaden clouds swept past close to the earth, and an icy rain drove almost horizontally down our road; on days of broiling heat, when the milk which the milkman dropped upon the pavement hissed, and went angrily away in vapor; on frosty days, when the tread of tripping girls upon the ice-bound earth rang musically; on sloppy days of dreary thaw, when the snow had fallen to the thickness of ice-cream, and served up pieds glacés to all who ventured upon it. Marbell had become ferocious in his theory. There was no Mrs. Marbell now to pester him with tender counsel, nor to put a comforter about Gussy's throat. Gussy was now bound over to him hand and foot. Most fortunately for the boy, there were no foxes in the neighborhood of Camberwell, or one had been stuffed under the shirt of Gussy, that his parent might see whether the boy could let the animal take just one bite at his stomach without wincing.

"It is a hard world," said Mr. Marbell, over his port, speaking with a friend, "and

men should harden their children to meet it, as we harden steel, that, with a spring, it may bear any weight. Now, I have resolved to make my boy razor-steel at the very least. He shall be able to live where others would die—to flourish where others would fail. His constitution shall be equal to the mountain-top or the valley—to an Arctic expedition, or a secretaryship under Dr. Livingstone.”

“The brute!” said (*sotto voce*) Rachel, the maid, who had just appeared, bearing to Mr. Marbell and his guest a plate of olives.

“The boy is not a clever boy; he is even dull. The better reason, I say, for hardening him. For with moderate abilities only to recommend him to the world, how can he make his standing good if he be not prepared to support incessant buffeting. His wants must be so humble that he may be able to save—ay, part of a crust. A mountain plant, sir, he must flourish upon the dry rock. I, sir (and Mr. Marbell glanced through his glass at the dancing beeswing), am the architect of my own fortune. I once swept the office of which I am now the principal. I met men on their own ground. I set my shoulder firmly to work, and I found that I had need of all my strength to conquer. My boy shall have a tougher skin, a firmer muscle than I had. He shall learn to rough it.”

Mr. Marbell emptied his glass, and with two delicate fingers dropped his first cool olive into his mouth. The oracle had spoken.

An east wind was curling the autumn leaves, and compelling cabmen to draw their horse-cloths tightly about their legs, on the evening when the oracle held forth from his cosy temple, with a beechwood fire happily mingled with sea-coal upon its altar.

Master Gussy was up-stairs. He was in bed. Six o'clock was his bedtime. In a corner of an empty room was a hard straw palliasso upon the naked ground; two rugs covered it—sufficient in the opinion of Mr. Marbell (below, now, eating his olives), for the covering of a boy destined to rough it. There the little Spartan lies, sleeping with all the grace of ten years; his arms under his cheek, his mouth parted, and his white teeth glancing through. There are two red patches upon his cheeks; around, the flesh is milky white. We glance about. There are his coarse blue clothes; there is his little canvas shirt, buttonless at the throat. But we look in vain for socks or shoes.

“Dear me, sir,” chimes Rachel, “Master Gussy doesn't wear none, please, sir.”

On these bitter days—through this frigid mire of our London roads—under these watery skies—fronting this sharp sleet of ours, to go barefoot!

“Master says he's to be a Sparting; but it's my belief they'll kill him—so there, I've said it.”

Rachel assumed a daring attitude, as though she had chanted the “Marseillaise” under the Tuileries windows—and more, had fully intended it for the ear of the master within.

“Then the child has breakfasts, as no dog what respected his-self would so much as look at; and for his dinners—why, they make my heart break to see his poor little teeth a tussling with 'em.”

Rachel looked tenderly upon the sleeping boy, drew the coarse rugs (saying, “Here things to cover a child!”) about his limbs, and kissed him.

Surely Gussy's mother is looking down upon you, gentle, uncouth Rachel. Looking down, and hoping that you see her; and that you will still, again and again, kiss Gussy for her. Slave at ten pounds per annum, we believe that, as you say, you would not stop another hour under Mr. Marbell's roof if it were not for Gussy. But then—we trust you know and feel it—how sweet it is of an evening to come into this empty room, and know that as you watch this little sleeper, and cover his bruised and hardened feet, somebody far above this garret is watching you, and thanking you. Not that this goodness of yours seeks reward; but there must be comfort in the faith that you are doing a double good here in your humble way—to Gussy, and to Gussy's mother. We were by, good Rachel, though you saw us not, when those big, red hands of yours drew with a tenderness of heart that made them light as any lady's, the thorns from poor Gussy's feet. But there will be thorns in them again to-morrow, and again the day after, till the flesh has hardened, and can resist them. As Gussy's soul is to harden, as Gussy's muscles are to harden.

We call Gussy to mind years after we glanced into his dreary bedroom; after Rachel had been discharged for giving a little slice of bread and sugar to her little master; after the neighborhood in which Mr. Marbell lived

run with shouts of indignation against Gussy's father.

Mr. Marbell had retired from business at length, in order to devote all his energies to the hardening of Gussy. That he might superintend the icy coldness of his nursery; the scantiness of his bed-covering; the plainness of his food; his isolation from other boys. Day after day, Gussy, barefooted, without hat or cap, his throat open, and his hair cropped close to his skull, passed our gate, walking, or rather ambling, behind his father. We fail to call to mind an occasion on which we saw father and son exchange a syllable. Mr. Marbell, with a solemn expression, to which the brandishing of a substantial crab-stick gave intensity of an unpleasantly suggestive kind, walked rapidly ahead always; and Gussy, looking at the parental coat-tails, and never removing his eyes from them, ambled, as we have written, after him. The throat of Gussy was milky white still, the cheeks red as a carnation. Old women turned upon Mr. Marbell as he passed; young women turned upon Mr. Marbell as he passed and spoke passionately, the nature of their womanhood overbearing their sense of propriety. Nicknames of most offensive import were showered upon Gussy's father. He was a child-killer; he was "Old Tombstone;" he bore, successively, the name of every remarkable murderer known to the street-folk about his neighborhood. He was hissed, hooted at, and greeted with a gymnastic arrangement of little boy's fingers, the thumb acting as a fulcrum against the little boys' noses. But both Mr. Marbell and Gussy passed through the fusillade, without glancing to the right or left.

We were, standing at our gate one day, on a glowing summer morning. There was a pale heat film over the deep blue sky. The heat struck us under the chin from the burning earth. We felt that we could not bear the situation many minutes. Lazily, heat-oppressed, we were about to turn from the dusty prospect without, when Mr. Marbell walked past, at his usual pace, and Gussy was behind him—still ambling—his eye still fixed upon the parental coat-tails. The blazing sun was scorching Gussy's uncovered head, we were certain; his lips were white, and we thought the blood almost oozed through those two red spots upon his cheeks. We were tempted to dash through the gate, and seize Mr. Marbell by the collar, and take his

hat and boots off, and drag him to a barber to have his head shaved. But (how prudent we become at five-and-thirty!) we turned homeward, and left Gussy to be scorched by the sun, and still, with starting eyes, to follow the coat-tails of his father.

On the following day a sweet little friend of ours, whose voice makes us twenty again, whom there are "few to praise," and whom there shall be, if we have our way, very few indeed to praise—this little friend came tripping along to the gravel-walk from the gate to the house, and trying to look over the mignonette-box at our open window (at which we were proving, by statistics, that the ruin of Manchester was only a question of years, unless we built our houses flat for the future, and reared cotton crops, under glass, upon them), called to us. We dropped all our figures within, to look upon the neatest and most convincing little figure without.

Mr. Marbell had just passed, walking as fast as ever, but little Gussy was not with him. To work went the brains of both of us. We called to mind, looking very seriously indeed at each other, the dry lips and the hectic flush of yesterday. The little figure had a very grave head upon it now. We watched anxiously on the morrow; on the third day more anxiously still. On the third day Mr. Marbell passed, walking slower than usual. There was some heavy, bulging object in his coat-tail pocket—the very coat-tail upon which Gussy's eyes had been fixed so long. We jumped to the right conclusion—the bulging objects were bottles of physic for little Gussy.

Upon that straw palliasse in the empty room lay Mr. Marbell's little Spartan. Doctors' grave, pale faces were shaken over the thin limbs, and watched the weird brilliancy of the boy's eyes. He was hardened—hardened against all the iron trials Mr. Marbell had provided for him in after days. Those little shoulders would never overbear a neighbor. The soul lying here, still in bondage, was not, we know, steeled yet. The outstretched arms of an invisible, dead mother were over this straw palliasse, and were about to clasp little Gussy. Little Gussy, who repines not; whose glassy eyes fall kindly upon the rude parent, whose brutal theory has cast him upon a child's death-bed; the rude parent, who, within his memory has never kissed him.

We shall never forget little Gussy's funeral.

It is well the police were there, or Mr. Marbell had not been alive now to tell any friend, who may drop in to take a glass of wine with him, how his theory of making children "rough it" failed in Gussy's instance.

The baby's place is upon its mother's knee; the child's place is between its father's knees, whence it may look up into his eyes, and sun itself in their kind glances. There are theories without number developing elaborate systems of juvenile culture. There are gentlemen in white neckcloths we know of, who believe that model men may be built up like any engineering models, by strict rule, by hours

of study exactly meted out, by the reading of ponderous moral treatises. So Mr. Marbell believed Gussy might be made a hard, successful man (and a successful man was Mr. Marbell's beau-ideal of humanity) by rough usage, a beggar's cupboard, and a tramp's out-door experiences. But, we own, as it is our pleasure to believe many will own with us, that we are rather with Mrs. Marbell, and with Rachel also. Our theory is that of making ourselves the familiar friends and most tender counsellors of children. The world will harden them soon enough, but the less the better in our humble opinion.

OLD ARM-CHAIR.—A case has just finished its course through the law-courts, which powerfully illustrates the wretched character of the copyright laws for the protection of the rights of publishers. An authoress sold a song for two pounds two shillings, and granted a receipt as for the copyright of it, but without giving a formal assignment. (Think of a formal deed with witnesses about such a bargain!) The publication was successful. The authoress, probably feeling, as usual, that she had been defrauded of her proper profits, assumed to herself the privilege of selling the same right of publishing to another tradesman, and felt protected by law in doing so, as there had been no assignment in the first instance. The original publisher raised an action in the Scotch courts against the second one, and the authoress came in as a defender. In July, 1855, a jury decided that the receipt was a sufficient evidence of copyright. Not satisfied with the result, the defenders brought forward a bill of exceptions and motion for a new trial, and, to the great amusement of the whole "Outer-house," the song of the *Old Arm-chair* was once more under judgment in May, 1856. The second trial ended as the first had done. The lords decided that a deed of assignment was not, in the present state of the law, required. One sagaciously pointed out that, in bankruptcy, sequestration, marriage, and succession, copyrights would undoubtedly be transferred without any such deed. How, then, could it be held as essential?

This last decision was appealed from to the House of Lords; and only the other day the case came forward in that august court, being apparently the first that was brought before Lord Chancellor Campbell. His Lordship and Lord Brougham found that the bill of exceptions had been informally drawn, and therefore could not be sustained; but they both said that, though

the appeal thus failed merely on a point of form, the merits of the case were with the respondent, who clearly was the proprietor of the copyright. The judgment of the court below was affirmed with costs. Now, here was the publisher at length, after six years of litigation, allowed to be the proprietor of an article of trifling value, which he had *bona fide* bought and paid for; at what an expense of time, trouble, and probably money also—for costs are never wholly recovered—had he established his right! And here, too, is an authoress whom we have all reason to believe a respectable and well-intending person, led by the dubious state of the law, and probably some confused sense of having suffered injustice, into a course of litigation involving the loss of many hundreds—possibly thousands—of pounds, all about a little poetical composition, such as, we presume, is every day sold for no more than the sum in question, and all merely owing to a doubtful voice from a plurality of statutes as to something required to constitute literary property in a second owner.

The *Old Arm-chair* will probably be a memorable case in both sections of the island; but its first effect ought to be to prompt a consolidated literary property act, clearing the ground between author and publisher of much dubious matter now resting upon it.—*Chambers's Journal*.

On Saturday night, after two hundred and sixty-eight representations, Mr. Albert Smith brought to a most successful termination the first season of his new entertainment, "China." The second season of "China" will commence about the end of October. In the mean time Mr. Albert Smith has taken upon himself a new engagement, having been married on Monday to Miss Mary Keeley, the eldest daughter of the celebrated comedian.—*Examiner*, 6 Aug.

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